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THE Budget has had a poor press, though the more loyal Tory papers have made the best of a bad job, and the incalculable *Daily Mail* is quite warm in its praise of Mr. Chamberlain. The debate in Parliament does not promise to be of any great interest. The Opposition is not strong enough to make any impression, and the grumbles of the Government's own supporters can be discounted in advance. There is a threat of an amendment to reduce the beer tax, but nobody supposes it will be anything more than an occasion for blowing off froth. The real interest for everyone, now that we know the worst and have got the order to pull in our belts, lies farther afield. War debts and reparations, the battle of tariffs, the prospects of industrial and trade recovery in Europe and America—these are the all-important questions. Whether the politicians are prepared to face them seriously we shall see in a few weeks' time at Lausanne.

* * *

The doubtful yield of a protective tariff is one of its chief disadvantages, as the United States and many other countries have every reason to know; so that Mr. Chamberlain's estimate of £27 millions, as the yield in a full year of the various new duties so far imposed, must be accepted with caution. Many authorities think his estimate is high, though it will, of course, be reached easily enough if the operation of the Exchange Equalisation Fund keeps the value of sterling low; but then expenditure will go up *pari passu* with revenue. In any case, the estimate, high as it seems to us, has come as a disappointment to Protectionists, who still believe, in the main, that they can have their cake in the form of protection while eating it as revenue. Still more disappointing is the announcement that the next batch of duties to be imposed, at the behest of the Advisory Committee, on commodities as yet undisclosed will only bring in some £5 millions. By the time these lines are in print the character of those duties will be known; it will probably be found that they are designed to cover a limited range of iron and steel products.

* * *

Liberals in the House are accepting with equanimity these successive blows of the protectionist bludgeon. Mr. Lloyd George, who knows how to bide his time, has made no gesture of leadership, and the Parliamentary Party, sheeplike as ever, has decided, apparently, that it would rather continue to be led from the rear than have no leader at all. There is thus to be a repetition of the hilarious farce that was first staged on the second reading of the Import Duties Bill. Sir Herbert Samuel, in a ferocious speech, will demolish the new tariffs from the Front Bench; his speech, it is whispered, will be an even more shattering exposition of the Free Trade case than was ever presented before. When the cannonade is over, and the huzzas have died away, the cardboard 5·9 will be wheeled back once more to the

Whips' Office. Sir Herbert will then proceed to Clacton for the meetings of his National Federation, not—as was once hoped—in a white sheet, but trailing fresh clouds of glory. Yet the spectacle of Ministers who

> Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to

is still a little bewildering to the Party.

* * *

The Prime Minister has gone this week to Geneva, where unfortunately his eye trouble will force him to take a good deal of rest. But we hope he will be able to make his weight tell in the Disarmament Conference, and that he will moderate Sir John Simon's uncanny complaisance to Japan. Affairs in the Far East are on a razor's edge, and if the League fails to uphold its Covenant disaster is in store for all of us. The Committee of Nineteen is grappling uncomfortably with its task, boycotted by the Japanese and hampered by the obstructive attitude of the British representative. The smaller Powers in the Committee are pressing for the withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Shanghai within a definite time-limit. Japan resists and is stiffened by British support. It is absurd to pretend that the encouragement of Japanese aggression is statesmanship. Leaving aside the question of its morality, it is a gross blunder from the point of view of British interests.

* * *

In Manchuria the situation has looked worse during the past week, owing to fears (to some reckless fools they are hopes) of a clash between Russia and Japan. Charges of provocative action by the Soviets have been made in Tokio and spread abroad; their troops are massing on the frontiers, it is declared, and their agents are accused, on the flimsiest evidence, of complicity in the wrecking of a troop-train near Harbin the other day. A Japanese Foreign Office official is reported to have said that "in the event of fighting between Russia and Manchuria, Japan will intervene." Naturally; but why should there be fighting between Russia and Manchuria—Manchuria being Japan's puppet—unless Japan wants it? The Soviet Government most certainly do not want anything of the kind; they have been exceedingly careful from the outset to avoid embroiling themselves. At the moment there is excitement in Moscow, but it is not jingo excitement. It is the dread of the "imperialist" States, with Japan as their spearhead, launching an offensive against the Soviet Union. No doubt the alarm is exaggerated, and we do not believe that the Japanese Government are anxious to plunge into another wild adventure. But it is a scandal that irresponsible people should set themselves to work up these scares.

* * *

There has been some clearing up of preliminary difficulties in the Disarmament Conference. It is agreed that reduction by stages is the method to be pursued. Russia and Germany and Turkey wanted to dispose of the cherry at one bite, but they gave way to the majority resolution. This contemplates a substantial reduction being agreed on by the present Conference, with further decreases "at appropriate intervals." It is not yet clear, however, what intervals are to be considered appropriate. Some States wish them to be as short as possible, others prefer them long, for, as Sir John Simon observed, it might not be convenient to come to Geneva every summer. Nor, we fear, is the agreement that armaments should be reduced to the "lowest possible level" without its difficulties, since certain States insist on qualifying this in their own favour—that is to say, on taking account of the geographical situation and particular circumstances in each case. And thus we get back to the old thesis of security for France and Rumania and Poland and—how exquisitely appropriate at this moment!—for Japan. Meanwhile Sir John Simon, we are glad to see, is talking as if he meant business about "qualitative" disarmament.

* * *

The inauguration of the new Provincial Government in the North West Frontier Province showed the weakness as well as the strength of the present policy in India. The first elections were held with comparatively little disorder, but an attempt to boycott them proved successful in reducing the poll to about ten per cent., and most of the first members of the Council will be landowners. Everything has, in fact, worked according to plan, except that the "reforms" are finally thrust upon a hostile or apathetic population, the natural leaders of a large and influential section being in gaol. Unless some drastic change of policy is possible during the coming year it seems probable that the new Federal Government will come into being under similar disadvantages. Far too much prominence will be given to a group of men whose "loyalty" is based on the knowledge that future Governments are likely to be far more hostile to the parasitic agricultural landlord. Public opinion will be dominated by men who have recently been released from gaol, and whose natural tendency will be to concentrate on those features of the new constitution which they consider to encroach on Indian independence. Even in Ceylon, where the new constitution was introduced under far happier circumstances, it has only taken a few months to develop a quarrel between the Governor and the popular legislature. The Government of India can claim a partial success over the Congress; but it cannot found a popular Government while the whole of the Nationalist movement is hostile.

* * *

It is all very fine for the Minister of Health to point out that over one million eight hundred thousand houses have been built since the war, whereas population has increased only by a million, and to draw the conclusion that the housing problem is well on the way to being solved, even if it has not been solved already. It has taken thirteen years to build these houses; and the normal need for new houses for mere replacement, without allowing for expansion of population or for special schemes of slum clearance, is enough to account for well over two-thirds of the total building since the war. There is one sense, and one sense only, in which the housing shortage has grown appreciably less acute—the sense that people who need houses are less able to afford them than they were before the slump. This may be a reason for building more houses of the smaller types, and for letting them at lower rents; but it is assuredly not a good

ground for any slackening of housing efforts. Above all, it has no bearing on the need, in interests of public health and civilised living, for intensive schemes of slum clearance on the largest possible scale. Sir Hilton Young congratulates himself that there are no fewer subsidised houses under construction now than a year ago. But that is not the point. There ought to be far more; for the business of slum clearance ought by now to be seriously under way. And the Minister hardly inspired confidence by stating in the same breath that less houses were needed and that more were being built. There seemed to be a catch somewhere.

* * *

The first fruits of Dr. Addison's Agricultural Marketing Act, which reached the Statute Book just before the fall of the Labour Government, are seen in the decision of its successor to establish Commissions under it to deal with milk and pig products. There has been a great deal of negotiation over this matter with the National Farmers' Union; and it is no secret that there was little enthusiasm for the proposal at the Union's headquarters, until its hand was forced by pressure from the local membership. The first task of the new Commission is to prepare schemes under the Act, and until these schemes are ready there is not much to be said by way of comment. The scheme for the pig industry is obviously likely to lead to the greater amount of controversy, as this country at present imports by far the larger part of its bacon, and there is clearly room for a great expansion of the home supply—on conditions. The most important of these conditions is not tariff protection, but the organisation of the farmers to breed the right types of pig and assure a steady supply of material for the bacon factories at a regulated price. But will the farmers do this? Past experiments have mostly broken down in face of their refusal.

* * *

The World Trade Union Conference at Geneva this week has been talking a great deal of sound sense. It calls for international action to provide employment by the development of schemes of public works, for a convention establishing a five-day working week, for maintenance or increase of wage-rates throughout the world, for international public control of credit policy, for disarmament, and for most of the other things which intelligent opinion regards as the necessary conditions of world recovery. It wants war debts and reparations cancelled, and tariff walls replaced by constructive attempts at international economic co-operation, under democratic control. It wants the social services to be maintained, and unemployment insurance schemes to be improved. So do all sensible people. But the question is whether the world Trade Union movement can be made into an effective force for promoting some of these objects. It has always had good will in plenty; but more than good will is needed in the present crisis. Could not the Federation do more than it has done to strengthen international Trade Union organisation in particular industries, and so consolidate the front against competitive wage-reductions in different countries? This would involve closer relations between the I.F.T.U. and the separate "Internationals" of the Unions in different industries, and perhaps, as Mr. Fimmen has urged, reconstitution of it on somewhat new lines, more as a federation of international trade groups than of national Trade Union centres.

* * *

The Kreuger affair takes on a more startling aspect every day. If, as is now alleged, Ivar Kreuger had really been engaged in a course of systematic fraud and forgery for nearly eighteen years, it is nothing less than astonishing that this should never have been found out, or even suspected, by the host of leading merchant banks and other financial institutions which have acted as the agents of his various enterprises. The Hatry affair was bad enough; but when it was over people were disposed to say that at any rate that leak had been safely stopped, and there was no danger of bankers and finance houses being taken in again by barefaced forgery of stock and share certificates. It now looks as if this view was far too optimistic, and as if a world ready enough to suspect little swindlers is still almost infinitely gullible by those who come before it with sufficiently grandiose projects. What Kreuger really did do cannot, of course, be fully known for some time yet, and some of the stories now in circulation may be exaggerated. But there seems to be evidence enough to throw grave doubts, not on the honesty, but on the financial prudence and ordinary horse-sense of a number of the leading figures in business in this and other countries, and on the utility of a system of raising capital that can lead to such disastrous results.

* * *

The new Stratford Memorial Theatre, which will be opened on April 23rd, though admirably suited to its purposes, has been the object of much criticism. It is an effectively designed building, but it accords ill with that Tudoresque atmosphere ("Ye Olde Tea Shoppe," etc.) which Stratford has made its own; Americans, who just hate to be misled, have been known to mistake it for the local gasworks. The astonishing thing, however, is not that Shakespeare's Memorial should be an object of controversy, but that in this country he should ever have achieved one at all. The chief cause of his quite unmerited popularity is, no doubt, the use of his plays as school text-books. If this practice could be discontinued, and if someone—say Mr. Cochran—who understands press publicity could be retained in his service, we might presently be as familiar with Shakespeare and his art as is the average German or Czech.

* * *

We are very glad to welcome back Mr. A. R. Orage to the realm of English journalism. The *New Age*, which he edited in its heyday before the war, was a live and often a brilliant paper. We hope that his new venture, the *New English Weekly*, will show that his pen has not lost its cunning nor his editorial judgment its shrewdness. The *New English Weekly*, the first number of which has just come out, is a "review of public affairs, literature and the arts." It promises to deal fully with monetary policy and the false and true theories of Money, and it makes its appeal in general to all who "still keep alive the aristocratic spirit of England with its Noblesse oblige and England first in honour." We are not perfectly sure what this means; but it ought to be interesting.

COLD WATER

IT is usual for the Chancellor of the Exchequer at this season of the year, if he cannot placate his adversaries, at least to give some satisfaction to his friends. But that has not been the fate of Mr. Chamberlain's Budget. His motto has been the greatest disappointment of the greatest number. The income tax payers are warmly praised for their exertions in saving the country; but they must continue those exertions without any reduction of rate, without even the trifling enlargements of the allowances that some had counted on. The traders who have thirsted for the blood of the exempted Co-operative Societies are cheated of their prey; they are only promised an investigation of the question by a "small impartial Committee." Burton-on-Trent and the whole army of beer-drinkers are wailing and gnashing their teeth, for though beer is over-taxed, says Mr. Chamberlain, it must remain so. The fourpenny duty on tea comes back—with a fifty per cent. preference for the Empire, but there are critics who look this gift horse in the mouth and complain that twopence is not enough. The tariff revenue, so far as it goes, of course pleases the Tories, though it is not far enough for most of them. But it is Dead Sea fruit to Lord Snowden and the Liberals in the National Government, and, if it is pushed farther, may at long last bring them out. Lord Beaverbrook joins with the Labour Party in regretting that there has been no restoration of the cuts made in last year's Emergency Budget. And other more reactionary Conservatives grumble because those cuts have not been added to. In short, this ferociously prudent plan, with its demand for "work, economy, courage and patience," is a bucket of cold water.

But given Mr. Chamberlain's premisses and the present state of the world, his caution has some justification. Generosity would mean a big gamble with forces altogether outside his control, and he is gambling, as it is, on Lausanne and the non-payment of war debts. His estimate of the yield of income tax in the coming year clearly does not warrant him in relieving the taxpayers out of their own pocket, so to speak. And, moreover, despite the cramping effects which a high rate of income tax may have on industry, to reduce this rate whilst leaving the cuts on salaries and wages, as some would have had him do, would have been neither equitable not politically expedient. Socialists, at any rate, though they may find plenty to object to in the Chancellor's principles and policy, will not curse him for resisting the cry for less direct and more indirect taxation. The tariffs promise us an ample dose of the latter. Patience and economy may be disagreeable virtues to practise, but they are no less disagreeable to the poor than to the well-to-do, and it is sorry cant to pretend that the sacrifices entailed on men with £20,000 or £2,000 a year are greater than on those with two or three pounds a week.

Still worse, because more insidious, is the cant of those who clamour not against private economy, but for public economy—or what they call public economy. This, be it understood, does not mean retrenching on really wasteful objects, such as armaments. On those, indeed, many of the apostles of economy are willing or eager, to see more spent. It means cutting down ruthlessly cutting down, the social services, health, education and the like. Extensions or developments are denounced as extravagant, useless, or corrupting, and the blessed word "eleemosynary" is brought in as often as possible, and stretched beyond all legitimate bounds, in order to heighten prejudice. The day before the Budget Speech, Sir Donald Maclean was engaged in defending the cuts that have been made in the education service—an uncongenial task to him, we hope and believe. But his defence gave eminent satisfaction to the benches behind him, and the arguments of the Opposition against this pinchbeck economy were characterised in the *Times* as "a chorus of unconstructive criticism!" The *Times*, indeed, appears to be the spearhead of the campaign against what it calls the "progressive disease of parasitic Socialism." The cutting down of supply expenditure, it proclaimed the other day, is the central problem of our national finances; and "what the country needs is a progressive reduction in expenditure measured not in millions, but in tens of millions . . . Cheeseparing on a Budget of eight hundred and fifty millions is not enough." But Mr. Chamberlain, it seems, so far at least as the evidence of the present Budget points, is not cast in this heroic mould. And if presently his National Government should respond to the invitation to destroy the social services, it will hasten its own end.

Apart from the actual balancing of the Budget, there are two very important points which call for comment. One is the question of debt conversion, on which the Chancellor said nothing. His silence was a disappointment to many, but very likely he is right to be reticent for the moment. As Mr. Keynes has put it, there is more to be lost by the Treasury being premature in this matter than by its biding its time till we can convert not at 4 per cent. but at 3½. That will mean a big—but in all the circumstances a fair enough—drop for the holders of War Loan; for the nation it will be an immense relief. The other point, on which Mr. Chamberlain did tell us something though not all, was the proposal to create an Exchange Equalisation Account. This scheme will be generally welcomed, though it may be open to criticism in certain districts. It will put the Treasury in a position to exercise an effective check on the fluctuations of our currency, to defeat the speculator and maintain the sterling exchange at least somewhere near the point that best suits us. Mr. Chamberlain, it is true, was as cautious here as elsewhere and would not give any assurance that we should be absolute masters of the pound. But he made it clear that we should try. What level of stabilisation he is thinking of we have yet to hear. We have also to hear how the £150,000,000 for the Fund is to be borrowed, and what exactly is to be the share of control over it enjoyed by the Bank and the Treasury respectively. If those questions are answered satisfactorily there will be one bright spot in a Budget which even those who dislike it least call "grim" or "dreary" or "depressing." That it certainly is, though in our judgment it might easily have been worse, had the Chancellor opened his ears to some of the counsels that were pressed on him. Whether he will do better next time will depend not merely on the British taxpayers exercising the virtues

of courage, patience, and the rest, to which he exhorts them, nor on simple luck. It will depend on international policies and events, and on the part that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues play in shaping them. As to that, having now got some experience of our National Government, we can only watch and pray.

FROM BAD TO WORSE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Johannesburg.

THE record of the Nationalist Government in South Africa is a sorry rake's progress. From the outset the Treasurer, Mr. Havenga, has pinned his faith to the teaching of entirely respectable but rather old-fashioned orthodox economists; from the beginning, also, the Prime Minister, and a good many of the very inexpert rank and file of his party, have betrayed their strong bias in favour of a more dubious doctrine, "economic independence." In other words, that Great Britain should go, or even be driven, off gold, is in itself sufficient reason for South Africa to go the other way, and stay on gold at all costs. The real cry is no other than our old friend, *Los van England!* It is only in the light, or darkness, of this — and two other — overmastering obsessions of Nationalist South Africa, that the madness of the last weeks is even explicable—the other two being the "capitalist" mine-owners and—General Smuts!

In September there was good reason to wait and see how things might develop, and the Opposition stood aside, leaving the decision to the Government. The mine-owners, indeed, vitally concerned, showed more apprehension of a return of the embarrassments they suffered from war and post-war inflation than a lively sense of the benefits likely to accrue from a premium on gold; it was nearly two months before, in a most sober and restrained memorandum, they ventured to pronounce in favour of leaving the gold standard, for the sake, among other things, of the ever-tottering low-grade mines. Meantime, ministers had made most emphatic choice, and declared uncompromisingly for staying on gold. Already, when Parliament met in November, two months before its time, the general paralysis, the tribulations, especially of the export trades, had raised such an outcry that the Treasurer, who in his earlier orthodoxy had denounced subsidies as robbery, now promised a 10 per cent. subsidy on exports, to be paid for by a 5 per cent. primage on imports. For the rest, it was acute deflation all the way—heavy cuts in the salaries and wages of civil servants, of all school-teachers, and of railwaymen, down to the lowest grades, with all necessary services cut to the bone, and no prospect but of more cuts to follow. The Opposition, though by no means unanimously, protested that to abandon gold might be surer and cheaper.

At this stage, however, General Smuts saw fit to cable from England not merely a protest, but a round denunciation of the Government's economic policy; by the Government's obstinacy the farmers' export trade was being ruined, gold-mining and all secondary industries severely hampered, the whole country drained of its life-blood. And, in truth, these have been difficult months. Though, so far, chiefly public servants have suffered actual salary or wage cuts, business is strangled, and unemployment has risen to unprecedented heights—so much so, indeed, that, solely on account of the prevailing poverty and distress, the "supply" of Native mine-labour, for the first time in a whole generation, is more than "adequate." Though the Government might reasonably reply that the disease is world-wide, not to be cured by South Africa going off gold, or remaining on it, nevertheless it was politically embarrassing to have General Smuts, returned in December, stumping the country denouncing the gold standard policy. And it was a real disaster that General Smuts's pronouncement both synchronised and agreed with the policy belatedly enunciated by the mine-owners. When, moreover, both of them used ominous phrases about the advisability of "linking with sterling," the Government merely hardened its heart.

To the surprise of most people, the Prime Minister at once announced a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into monetary policy. But in a five minutes' speech he made it plain that whatever the findings of any Committee the Government intended to stand by its policy: the one and only function of the Select Committee was to expose the folly, the deceit, and the wickedness of General Smuts's campaign! If, presently, the Treasurer had to announce heavier subsidies for exporters, and further deflationary cuts, touching this time not only all services but even the salaries of ministers themselves, and of M.P.s, the sole and sufficient cause of all these distresses is, apparently, the discreditable conduct of the Opposition leader, whose two months' campaign had shaken all confidence in the soundness and safety of South African credit! This, in short, was the substance of General Hertzog's reply to a twelve days' debate. Inevitably, then, he must stand, or fall, by his precious gold standard. To this he is committed. And influences beyond the control of this or any Government may yet force the issue. Even Nationalist Party discipline cannot quite conceal the signs of discontent. One at least of the Government's bright young men has ratted: Dr. Bruwer, one of the white-headed boys marked out in the early days for sudden promotion to high office, has resigned from the permanent Board of Trade and taken the field openly against the Government's economic policy. So, though there is no precedent for the resignation of any South African Cabinet, with a large and docile majority and two years to go, a not impossible financial crisis may bring in its train a blessed change of Government.

For such a change, almost at any price, friends of humanity are bound to pray. This Nationalist Government's record for repression of Natives is already such as to live in history, to its lasting discredit and disgrace. For at least two years Mr. Pirow, Minister of Justice, has been nursing a bantling of his own, the Native Service Contract Bill. Last year this Bill, sponsored strangely by the Minister of Justice, not by the Minister of Native Affairs, was reluctantly withdrawn at the very last moment. Mr. Pirow was forced to bow to the secret but certain opposition of the Native Affairs Department and to the hesitation of the Prime Minister himself. The latter was unmistakably shaken by the outcry against piecemeal legislation in material points conflicting with the long-delayed Bills embodying his own ideas of a "comprehensive Native Policy." This year, though these objections are unchanged, the Bill has come on good and early. In order to display once more the notorious divisions in the ranks of the Opposition—loyal little British Natal being hotly for the measure—the Whips have been taken off, and only a miracle can now prevent its reaching the Statute Book.

Quite apart from its vicious details, there is no excuse for any such Bill till the long-promised "further provision" of Native land automatically remedies some of the "evils" now alleged to exist. But, as is well known, for too many South Africans "the Native Problem" is that some Cape Natives have the vote. In 1929 the Government was triumphantly returned to power on this shameless anti-Black cry. Since then the enfranchisement of European women and other devices have been used to raise the European electorate from under four to about nine hundred thousand while leaving the Native vote at or below the present 15,000. The "Native Problem" is, therefore, no longer so "urgent," and, almost avowedly, the "comprehensive Native policy" is being kept in the cold storage of Select Committee—against the needs of the next election.

Meantime, even the pretence of "consulting" Natives has been abandoned. The statutory Native Commission has not met since 1929. The, also statutory, Annual Conference met annually till 1926, thereafter only in 1930 (and then almost without notice.) And in the last year and more neither the Prime Minister nor the Ministers of Native Affairs and of Justice has ever made reasoned answer to any representations from voluntary bodies like the Joint Councils of Europeans and Natives, or from purely Native organisations.

So now, the Native franchise having been happily circumvented, the comprehensive revision of the Land Act could well stand over. But though a Native Economic Commission is about to report, though also the decennial census (without which the framers of any comprehensive policy will be lost) was last year "retrenched," Natal and Transvaal farmers have certain troubles which cannot so conveniently wait. Hence the Contract Bill. In these two Provinces masses of the original Native population subsist on European land as "squatters," that is, failing land to call their own, on such poor terms as competing thousands can wring from the land-owners. Naturally enough, many of the squatters are restless: contracts, or alleged contracts, are frequently broken: boys, girls, and whole families, migrate in shoals to the land of the more easy-going farmers, or, failing such, to the towns. Control, in short, is breaking down. And this is Mr. Pirow's golden opportunity to be "strong."

What is required is, of course, a measure converting squatters into fixed tenants, crofters in fact—with security and some inducement to better themselves, to make effective use of or co-operate in the development of land which, admittedly, European owners do not and cannot use. Mr. Pirow and his farmer supporters, however, treat this squatting—the direct result of European land-grabbing—as itself an original and intolerable evil. The prime object of the Bill is to reduce all native tenants to a common servitude as farm "labourers." The choice is between labour and eviction. All tenants shall serve, or be deemed to serve, under a labour contract effectively binding whole families for a sufficiently long period; to make quite sure, Native guardians shall have power to bind minors to service, but breach of "agreement" by any one member shall be warrant for evicting the whole of a group or family. With no provision whatever for the exodus which must result, power is taken to impose an annual tax of £5 for every squatter who shall fail to do at least ninety days' service in any year. Owing to the number of technical "offences" for which Natives now serve terms of imprisonment, the Department of Prisons (*scilicet* Justice!) is finding the cost of prison administration excessive: at the same time, farmers with refractory servants find it wasteful to lose their services while they serve in prison for laziness, insubordination, and similar offences. It is now provided that for any breach of a labour contract it shall be competent to punish any boy of 18 or under by whipping—this for breach of a *civil* obligation. Finally, for the spirit which inspired this measure, in the second reading debate, Mr. Pirow, its sponsor, expressed the opinion that the whipping penalty should stand, as in the original draft, without limit of age. This, with complete cynicism, on the ground that since it is quite impracticable to prevent the flogging of Natives on farms it will be well to regularise and legalise the practice.

Such, once more, is South African regard for its "sacred trust," for Forced Labour Conventions, and other "sentimental" emanations of Geneva and of world opinion. Nothing but an economic crash can save South Africa from itself, from its present Government, which will brook neither question nor criticism from or on behalf of unrepresented Natives any more than in matters of economics even from the official Opposition. Needless to add, in face of unparalleled Native distress, the Government's only remedy for "unemployment" continues to be the substitution of Europeans for Natives wherever practicable. M.

CYPRUS

CYPRUS needs ventilation; and it has never been properly ventilated since its present connection with this country was started by the British occupation of this ex-Ottoman island in 1878. Every time that the Cypriot Greeks have stated their case to the British Government in a pacific and constitutional manner and have been given the invariable "No" for an answer, British public opinion has been too deeply preoccupied with more important and interesting questions to pay attention. It is, of course, one of the glaring evils of our over-rushed modern world that it should be so much more difficult to gain a fair hearing by orderly than by obstreperous behaviour. The barbarous truth is that, for anybody who really wishes to get anything done, there is almost a premium nowadays on sensationalism, which usually means violence; and the recent history of Cyprus is a case in point. The disturbances in Cyprus last October gave Cyprus "news value" for a few weeks in the press of the United Kingdom; and in due course the disturbances have elicited a White Paper* which may be "news" now for a few days.

The situation here revealed is one that is common enough in the world at large, but uncommon (if we have been justified of our pride) in the British Empire. A great Power finds itself in possession of a small territory in which the politically conscious and active element among the majority of the local population does not wish to live under this foreign Power's rule, but desires political union with another country of its own nationality. (In the case of Cyprus, where four-fifths of the local population are Greeks, this other country with which union is sought is Greece.) The great Power simply says: "What I have I hold, and that is that. The Cyprus Question is closed"—or, rather, "no Cyprus Question exists." The Cypriot Greek nationalists remain unreconciled and recalcitrant; H.M.G. professes grief at their "disloyalty" and "ingratitude." At length certain local events—a controversy over the control of education and a controversy over the balancing of the Budget—bring the hostility towards British rule to a head, and there are disturbances. H.M.G. suppresses the disturbances and gives a crack of the whip. Six leaders of the Cypriot Greek national movement are deported, at least nominally, for life; the Cyprus Legislative Council is abolished; a Reparation Impost Law imposes collective responsibility on towns and villages for damage done during the disturbances to Government property to the tune of £34,000; other laws prohibit the unauthorised flying or exhibition of flags and restrict the ringing of church and other bells; and the appointment of Cypriot village authorities is vested in the British Governor (White Paper, p. 30). On the ruling Power's part, to sit tight and to go on saying "No" remains the Alpha and Omega of policy. As the Governor himself sums it up, "until the shadow of union [with Greece] is finally removed from the political horizon, the leading inhabitants are not likely to come forward in large numbers to support the Government and co-operate openly in the progress of their country under British rule." But how "remove the shadow"? By saying "No" again, on the Bellman's principle in *The Hunting of the Snark*: "What I tell you three times is true"? The remedy is not convincing, for already we have repeated the magic formula time and again, and the Greek national movement in Cyprus has thriven on it. Is this policy of negation, which failed to avert the disturbances, likely to prevent their recurrence?

The answer to this question depends, of course, on what the real strength of the Cypriot Greek national movement is. It appears, according to the White Paper, to have started among "town-bred advocates, priests and schoolmasters"; to have "continued, in the process of time, to make headway

* "Disturbances in Cyprus in October, 1931"—Cmd. 4045 (1932, H.M. Stationery Office, 9d. net.)

in the towns"; and latterly to have gained a footing in the villages. "Fresh generations of youths sedulously indoctrinated with disloyalty had been launched by the secondary schools (in Cyprus non-governmental) on all the professions; and, outside the Government service and the realm of Government influence and activity, every branch of public life in the Orthodox community was in some way allied to the cause of union." As for the countryside, "there are 598 Greek Orthodox villages and mixed Orthodox and Turkish villages in the island. Three hundred and eighty-nine of these took no part at all in the disturbances. . . . There were in all some 200 villages in which excitement prevailed and demonstrations were made, but without breach of the law. Less than 70 villages were guilty of destruction of property." Apart from statistics, the strength and extent of Cypriot Greek nationalism can be gauged from the fact that on the eve of the disturbances the existing National Organisation was "gingered up" by the formation of a new and radical National Organisation for Union, and that, after the outbreak, there was a public reconciliation, in the name of national unity, between the Archbishop of Cyprus and the leader of the local Communists. All this is in the normal course of modern nationalist movements all over the world.

So, too, unfortunately, is the stifling political atmosphere which the conflict between Cypriot Greek nationalism and British imperialism has exhaled. "In 1930 (a year of elections) reports of 555 political speeches delivered in villages were received from the police, and 246 in 1931 before the 17th October." And we hear of a "Defence (Certain British Possessions) Order in Council, 1928," and an "Internal Security Scheme." This is an unpleasant whiff of the nineteenth-century Hapsburg "police-state" with an alien officialdom living in a potential state of siege. There is a Hapsburg touch, too, about the Governor's official language. The word "Greeks" burns in his mouth, and in the earlier paragraphs of his despatch he sedulously writes "Orthodox" instead (as who should say: "Here are some common-or-garden British subjects who just happen to be domiciled in Cyprus and to be members of the Orthodox Church"). But as the narrative proceeds a more natural language asserts itself, e.g., "One round was fired by the piquet and one man wounded by it. The wounded man died next day. All *British* women and children living outside the guarded zone were concentrated that night in an hotel within it. The police reported that the height of feeling in the town endangered the lives of *British* officials. Inside the walls in the *Greek* quarters the police had no control." (Italics mine.)

What of the future? The outcome of the disturbances of last October shows that the Cypriot Greeks are not yet in a mood to fight for their independence *à outrance*, as the Moreot Greeks fought in 1821–29 and the Irish in 1916–21. This is shown by the slightness of the casualties (six Cypriot civilians killed and 30 wounded, of whom one died later, and 38 casualties among the police), and also by the fact that in an island of some 350,000 inhabitants, of whom four-fifths are Greeks and one-fifth Turks, the British military garrison, which numbered three officers and 123 men at the outbreak of the insurrection, had been reduced again to four officers and 175 men by the end of the year. There is evidently no truth in the (inevitable) allegation that the suppression of the insurrection was accompanied by atrocities. It looks as though Cyprus were one of the few patches of the British Empire which we are capable of holding for an indefinite time by force, if we choose. But do we choose, when we give our minds to it? The reality of the Cypriot Greek desire for union with Greece is surely evident. The protection of the local Turkish minority has ceased to be a formidable problem now that Greece and Turkey themselves have buried the hatchet. The French Government have a lien over the disposal of Cyprus by treaty, but there is no evidence that the French would object to a transfer of the island from the British Empire to Greece. As for our own British title deeds, they do not bear inspection. We extorted the military occupation and civil administration of Cyprus in 1878 from the then sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey, at the point of an ultimatum, under threat of throwing the Sultan forthwith to the Russian wolves, who were at that moment baying at the gates of Constantinople; and our occupation was conditional upon our defending the integrity of Turkey-in-Asia by force of arms! That title, surely, is void; and on every ground of common sense and decency we ought to make up our minds to clear out at no distant date.

The choice lies between staying in Cyprus and losing face or leaving Cyprus and adding to the honours which we won for the British Empire when we left Wei-hai-wei in 1930 and the Ionian Islands in 1864. We do not regret that Corfu and Ithaca are under the Greek instead of the British flag to-day. This Ionian precedent for British policy towards Cyprus is singularly apposite.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE

PROBABLY the best thing the ordinary man can do during Budget week, this year or any year, is to try to think about something else. Let economists think about the Budget as much as they please; there is nothing they like better. And I often suspect that the worse the Budget is the more they enjoy it. This is, so to speak, their Cup Final, their battlefield affording the supreme opportunity for the exercise of all their primitive pugnacity and all their intellectual subtlety and skill. To be an economist, with Mr. Neville Chamberlain introducing a Budget, must be as happy an experience as to be a small boy with a heap of stones and, opposite him, a house with innumerable windows asking to be broken. Unfortunately, what is fun to the economist, brings little consolation to the ordinary tax-payer. The sound of breaking glass is not music in his ears. He knows that, apart from a miracle, Mr. Chamberlain has him in his grip for the next twelve months, and that there is no more chance of escaping without paying up than if he were a merchant captured by a mediæval robber baron.

This fact, if he let his mind dwell on it too exclusively, might easily induce a constant worry. There is something maddening about having to pay a large sum of money either to a robber or to the State. Even extravagant people look on this as the form of extravagance which gives them least in return—the one form of extravagance, indeed, in which they would never dream of indulging voluntarily. The ordinary man is still so little civilised that he regards his money as his own, and resents the constant rifling of his pockets by that cold monster, the State. When he sees his potential savings coolly appropriated by the State, he is as distraught as Shylock when he found his ducats gone. If a private person took his money in this fashion he would regard him as a thief and a blackmailer. If one of his own children asked for such a sum, he would think the child had gone mad. No wonder that he sometimes tells himself bitterly that, while such ancient tortures as the thumbscrew and the rack have been abolished, they have been revived in a more spiritual form by the modern Chancellor of the Exchequer.

My own opinion is that those who allow themselves to be worried by taxes—and who does not?—think far too much about money. At least, they think far too much about the money that is taken and far too little about the money that is left. Still, human nature being what it is, human beings cannot be expected to take a rational view of money. We think in terms of money to such an extent that the loss or gain of money becomes one of the memorable

incidents in our lives. Hence Budgets weigh on us more heavily than vile weather, and the arrival of an income-tax demand shocks us like a sentence of imprisonment.

The only thing to do in the circumstances for the members of a money-worshipping civilisation is to think about something else. It was for this purpose that men invented books, pictures, music, dancing, games and other diversions. The very word "diversions" suggests that man is a creature whose mind needs to be taken out of its troubles; and even wine and tobacco have for their chief justification that man is a recurrently miserable creature who has to find some means of forgetting his miseries. I remember one of the richest men I ever met saying gloomily across the dinner-table: "A man must smoke or drink or take drugs in order to forget the tragedy of being alive." I was astonished that a rich man should say such a thing, since I myself, as a boy, had begun to smoke as an initiation into pleasure and without any feeling that the general greyness of things could be hidden behind a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Similarly I did not go into my first public house in order to forget my sorrow, but in order to experience a new and fearful joy. As for drugs, I have certainly often swallowed a bottle of patent medicine, and here, I admit, my purpose was not pleasure, but the banishment of pain. Since hearing the rich man's remark, however, I have sometimes wondered whether, after all, he was not right about tobacco, and whether the chief function of smoking may not be to provide a continual series of interruptions and so divert the mind from the rubs and anxieties of life. I think it will be found that the majority of the most assiduous smokers are men of a melancholy rather than of a mercurial cast. The really gay man seldom seems to care whether he is smoking or not. The melancholy man, on the other hand, unconsciously turns to tobacco as to something that will every few minutes divert his mind from the gloomy main-road of his thoughts into a pleasant by-road of triviality. He may be feeling profoundly miserable about the wickedness of the Japanese in Shanghai, but, at least for a second, he forgets all about it as he searches his pocket for a match. He may be wondering mournfully what is to happen to Europe, mainly governed by fools and populated by fools like himself, but his mind is suddenly turned into a new channel if he finds that his last cigarette is gone, or if he sees a chance of offering a cigarette to a neighbour. The pipe-smoker, again harassed by the awful spectacle of the human race engaged upon a Gadarene rush to its doom, revives his spirits as he brings out his pouch and concentrates all his imaginative powers on slowly pushing tobacco at exactly the right consistency into his pipe. Even the constant striking of matches gives the pipe-smoker an enormous number of emotional breaks in the course of a day. I have been both a pipe-smoker and a non-smoker, and am now a cigarette-smoker; and, of the three, I think I envy the pipe-smoker most because of that perpetual possibility of bringing variety into the monotony of existence by striking matches. I am no defender of smoking; I agree with those who hold that to smoke is to despair of ever living on the highest plane of philosophy. At the same time, it seems to me that pipes, cigarettes, and cigars produce in life something of the effect that full stops, colons, semi-colons, and commas produce in prose. They break things up, and so relieve the monotony for the weaker brethren.

I, myself, if I wished to forget the Budget, would go without a cigarette to a party in a house where there was not a cigarette to be had. If I did, I know that I should be able to think of nothing except where I should be able to get a cigarette. I should feel in all my pockets over and over again. I should ask everybody present for a cigarette over and over again. All the troubles of the world would be forgotten in my own troubles, and all my financial troubles would be forgotten in my immediate trouble of not being able to smoke. The anti-tobacco propagandists may look down on me for this and call me a slave to tobacco. But may it not be that I have been more fortunate than they—that I have found a means, by subjecting myself to a petty slavery, of escaping from a major slavery? I notice that most of my non-smoking friends are the victims of slavish obsessions about Budgets and Bolsheviks. I, too, have my obsessions, but I can think of something else if I cannot find a cigarette or a match.

But even the non-smoker has a thousand ways of thinking of something else, when the pressure of events is becoming unbearable. Whether in peace or in war, the ordinary human being cannot endure the strain of thinking all the time about the main issue. There must always be a break, even if it is only to eat. Meals, like tobacco, provide those rests and punctuation marks. Even on the day after Romeo and Juliet died, meals were, no doubt, provided at the usual hours in the homes of the Montagues and Capulets. Certainly, in England, during the Great War, the civilians often enough forgot for the moment the disaster that had overtaken the whole world in order to rejoice over a pound or two of unexpected offals extracted from a friendly butcher. One day during the war as I passed two lugubrious-looking lovers on Hampstead Heath, I heard the man saying to the woman: "What I like is cold ham"; and I realised that he had acquired the essentially philosophic habit of thinking about something else.

I intended also to write about books, music, the first cuckoo, violets in a wood and nascent bluebells, golf, car troubles, the return of cricket, conversation and philosophy as providers of a way of escape from Budget depression. But the means does not matter. If we can think of something else our sanity is saved. On the other hand, we must not think of something else too much, or the statesmen and experts will have things all their own way and bedevil the situation as usual. We must be like the cat which can sleep and be on the watch at the same time. On this understanding, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" should be the last words on the lips of democracy as it lulls itself into a forgetful doze. Y. Y.

THE PROBLEM OF TUBERCULOSIS

"TUBERCULOSIS is one of the penalties levied on man for his attainment of a high degree of civilisation. As surely as trade follows the flag so does the tubercle bacillus." Thus writes Dr. A. S. Macnalty in "A Report on Tuberculosis," just issued by the Ministry of Health. If "a high degree of civilisation" implies great inequality of wealth, over-crowding, overwork, and insanitary homes and workshops, the statement must be allowed to stand. In this country, at all events, tuberculosis is, during the otherwise healthiest part of our lives—from five to forty-five years of age—far and away the most killing of our diseases. Even in 1930, not far short of 36,000 men, women and children died from it in England and Wales. Yet it is one of the few diseases which have been specially selected for intensive consideration by the medical profession, by the public authorities, and, consequent on an active propaganda, by the public. Its cause is known, and we have learnt very much about the conditions which favour its incidence and its development. Up to the present, indeed, we know very much more about how to prevent consumption than how to cure it; yet, so far as our conscious efforts go, we devote to mere palliative measures a hundred times more time, money and ingenuity than to remedying those faulty environmental circumstances which peculiarly favour its attack.

It is true that the decline in both the incidence and the fatality of tuberculosis has, during the last half-century, been very great; and some part of this improvement must be credited to the organised measures particularly directed against it—clinics, sanatoria, consumption hospitals, and

so on. But it seems clear that these have not been the most important contributing factors. Certainly, as Sir Robert Philip reminded us last year, the decline in mortality from consumption has been much more rapid than the decrease from "all causes"—the former having fallen by more than two-thirds, whilst the general death-rate has declined by only one-half. But, if we are meant to infer that a large part of this improvement is due to our deliberate anti-tuberculosis policy, a comparison with the fall of the incidence of the other infectious and environmentally caused diseases would be more relevant. In fact, the death-rate from measles in 1930 was little more than one-quarter of that for the decade 1871 to 1880; the death-rate from scarlet fever fell to a thirty-sixth of its former figure, and that from enteric fever to one-fortieth. Moreover, although in the last fifty years the phthisis death-rate has dropped by two-thirds, the fall in the fifty years ending 1911, long before the period of what Sir Robert Philip calls "intelligent attack," was very little less. Indeed, the most rapid decline of all occurred in the middle of the last century. There would seem to be a much more intimate connection between the diminution of tuberculosis and the general improvement in public sanitation and in the material status of the working classes, than between the decline and the direct anti-tuberculosis campaign. It would, of course, be folly to minimise the value of that campaign—and we cannot disregard the outstanding example of Framingham, where, as a result of the intensive application of every form of public health activity, the tuberculosis death-rate was reduced by over 65 per cent. in five and a half years. But it is equally foolish to over-estimate it, and to assume that there is nothing more to be done but to continue that campaign along the same lines, with greater energy and thoroughness.

Everybody now knows that consumption is associated with the activity of the tubercle bacillus; and many are, in consequence, led to assume that the germ is the sole cause of the disease. In fact, it is only one of the contributory causes; otherwise, few of us would be alive to-day, for, in "civilised" countries, the tubercle bacillus is ubiquitous. It is said that the very great majority of us, no matter from what disease we die, show in our bodies structural evidence of healed tubercular lesions. Tuberculin tests applied to "civilised" children between the ages of five and fifteen show an average of 65 per cent. with a tubercular infection. Yet that period of life is about the healthiest; and, seeing that less than eight per cent. of our deaths at all ages are due to tuberculosis, it is evident that the greater number of infected children completely recover. It is supposed that, as a result of repeated mild infections, most of us develop a considerable degree of immunity; and it is only when we are, later on, exposed to mass infection or, alternatively, have our own resisting power to metastasis from within lowered by poor or unhygienic living, that we show the symptoms which bring us within the cognisance of the doctor. There are still a few African tribes that have, apparently, never been brought into contact with a tubercle bacillus. But when such hitherto uninfected peoples have much to do with white men, they quickly fall victim to it, nearly every infected case rapidly assuming grave proportions.

Dr. Macnalty's report is mainly concerned with the various methods of treating consumption when the disease has shown itself, and the numerous criticisms and suggestions offered are valuable and often shrewd; but an interesting analysis of the conditions and circumstances diminishing resistance or favouring infection is included in the report. It is this section that will best repay intelligent study by the layman. Remembering that nearly all of us have, with apparent impunity, been repeatedly infected by the tubercle germ, to what are we to attribute the development of active tuberculosis? To mass infection, to idiosyncratic susceptibility or deficient immunising power, to malnutrition and a devitalising environment. Any one of these factors may prove sufficient; but in a very large proportion of cases all three are operative. Thus it is that consumption is more prevalent in the town than in the country; more prevalent among the poor than among the well-to-do; and commonest of all among those who are condemned to live in crowded, sunless tenements, which often have to be shared with individuals already suffering from the disease. Dr. Wynne, the former Medical Officer of Health for Sheffield, showed that "the incidence of tuberculosis in Sheffield was 4.45 per thousand in households with more than two persons per room; and 2.8 per thousand in households with less than one person per room." The effects of malnutrition were painfully illustrated in beleaguered countries during and after the war. In the towns of Germany the tuberculosis mortality rate increased from 157 per hundred thousand in 1913 to 287 in 1918; whilst in Warsaw the rate rose to 840. In Belgrade, during the last year of the war, the figure reached 1,400.

It would certainly be of great therapeutic advantage could we recognise the very earliest manifestation of tubercular infection. But, seeing how very large a proportion of the population is, at some time or other, infected, it were surely simpler, more effective, and more truly economical, if we are to take this tuberculosis problem seriously, to place within the reach of all opportunity for that wholesome living which constitutes the soundest insurance against this, as against so many other diseases. The tuberculosis problem, in short, is, in reality, a housing problem, a wages problem, and an education problem rather than a doctor's problem.

HARRY ROBERTS.

QUACK! QUACK!

NO doubt the man who brands his pill
A cure for every human ill
Would find his victims dwindle
If, ere allowed to ply his trade,
He had to show how it was made,
Or furnish *proof* that it could aid
The folk he aims to swindle.

But why stop there? No science lacks
Its bevy of attendant Quacks
To trade on our stupidity;
In letters, statecraft, art, we find
Too many nostrums, well-designed
To influence our lazy mind,
Our passions or cupidity.

How many a speech we might be spared
From people who, by Tariffs snared,
Are constantly intruding them,
If, ere the speaker first began,
He had to formulate a plan
For taxing goods from Turkestan
While totally excluding them.

How many a bore would cease to vex
Our ears with "Self-Expression," Sex,
"Complex," and "Inhibition,"
If, ere he penned a single line,
The law compelled him to define
Each *cliché* borrowed with design
To prove his erudition.

Alas! the prosperous race of Quacks
At satire's or the law's attacks
Can safely smile, unshrinking,
Until mankind forgets its craze
For some short-cut to length of days
Or finding in a well-worn phrase
A substitute for thinking.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

IRELAND AND THE OATH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. S. Barnes, has made it very clear in his letter of April 16th on the above subject, that he is loyal to the Crown. It is difficult, however, to reconcile this loyalty with the arrangement which he proposes; namely, that we should admit to equal partnership in the British Commonwealth, a nation to whom such loyalty is said to be an "intolerable burden" and to whom we should have given the right to be as disloyal as it might choose.

Loyalty to the Throne would seem to imply an obligation to do our utmost to strengthen and defend the position of the Monarchy, but to carry out Mr. Barnes's suggestion would surely mean the insertion of the thin end of the wedge, with the inevitable result that sooner or later the Throne would be in peril.

A precedent would have been created which would necessitate the releasing of every other portion of the British Commonwealth from their Oath of Allegiance to His Majesty—or its equivalent—as soon as any part of them became disloyal. And when this happened in England, the resultant Republic would be the direct outcome of having allowed a member of the Commonwealth to profess loyalty to the Commonwealth but not to its Monarch.

As an Ulsterman and a member of the British Empire, I should greatly deplore the secession of the Irish Free State, but their avowed disloyalty to the Throne would, in my opinion, be too high a price to pay for their continued partnership in the Commonwealth.

H. M. UPTON.

The Holme, Balmaclellan, Scotland.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As the Member of Parliament who seconded the rejection of the Bill for the Ratification of the Treaty with Ireland setting up the Free State and as a candidate who fought both in 1918 and in 1922 Election campaigns on the demand for the complete recognition of the Independence of Ireland, perhaps you will permit me to make certain animadversions upon the letters recently passing between His Majesty's Government in London and the Irish Free State Government. From that conviction arrived at many years ago, that only in the co-operation of a free Ireland could there be a firm and lasting foundation for the economic and political well-being of what was then called the United Kingdom, I have seen no subsequent reason to withdraw. Save upon the basis of ancient nations, however and by whomsoever subjugated or disintegrated, restored to the status to which they feel themselves entitled, there can be built no fabric of international co-operation that is not rooted in injustice and so in weakness. Where such injuries have been perpetrated and only in circumstances of acute diplomatic difficulty compromised in a spirit of expediency—as was the real reason for the concession of so much to the Irish nation in 1921—it is all humbug to answer in the language of the Note of April 9th:

> His Majesty's Government feel that nothing is to be gained by reviving the unhappy memories of a bygone past.

Mr. De Valera rightly says that the sacrifice of principle was made by the negotiators for the Irish nation, and that it was submitted to by them:

> only under the threat of immediate and terrible war.

So made, quite visibly at the time, it was no more than a compromise, and by no means a settlement. Those who acquiesced, whether within the Irish Labour Party or the Cumann n'Gadhael, did so only under duress. Men and women, inspired twenty years earlier with the ideals of the Fianna but exhausted by the unequal struggle, already arrived at middle age, thought it would be well to rest for the time content with so much as had been gained by Michael Collins. That was a very different thing from making in their own hearts a lasting peace with the Government of Great Britain. The young men and women (of all ages) carried on the fight so long as they could. The wear and tear was terrible. But after them are coming up new generations of young men and women who, knowing the youth of Ireland, I do not believe can be dissuaded by any doctrines of Gradgrind to compromise other than till that next moment of "England's need which is Ireland's opportunity."

But even accepting the economic argument as more potent than that of the bitter memories of ancient and, in their opinion, unredressed wrongs, how can we blind ourselves to the grim facts of the Irish situation as considered economically?

Ireland is, above all, a country devoted to the production of food-stuffs, most of which are to be marketed abroad, i.e., in England, Scotland and Wales. One does not need to be converted to the belief in a tariff (10 per cent. or 30 per cent.), temporary or permanent, as desirable for Great Britain, to be able to see that the agriculture of Ireland suffered by the removal of the barriers, whether artificial or natural, upon the import of corn and meat from Europe and the world beyond into our ports. Receiving a not inadequate compensation, you may argue, in the increased demand for dairy produce in the West of Scotland and Lancashire, she has suffered severely by the prolonged depression in the heavy and textile trades in those areas. The increase of unemployment in those regions fell especially heavily upon immigrants from Southern Ireland. Since the depression deepened over the United States not only has emigration ceased but the drift has begun back to Ireland. The hopes, reasonable as those entertained by yourselves ten years ago, that prompted the expenditure on electrification and other material improvements have all been disappointed. The effect of this on a people politically rather than economically minded should surely be understood. It is bound to flare out in passionate protest.

The advantage gained by departure from the gold standard, enforced upon Ireland by the action of the Government in London, was negatived almost at once by the decision of Denmark to follow sterling and so retain her hold on what might otherwise have been a market gained by the farmers of Ireland. As if that was not disappointment enough, this Government must go ahead with an otherwise admirable Trade Exhibition in Denmark! It may be that the offer was first made to have the Exhibition in Dublin. Again, it may not.

And whilst we are on this subject, might we not recognise the fact that if in this country we are content to let the shipping traffic of Glasgow and Liverpool be diverted to Southampton and London, because the Mersey and the Clyde are *culs-de-sac*, the economic decline of the ports on the Irish Channel, compensated for Britain (unless you are a Northerner) by the development of the English Channel and the North Sea port of the Thames, cannot be a matter of equal indifference to Southern Ireland?

With the recovery of the foreign trade balance and the exchanges there has disappeared also the hope of the development of the tourist traffic along the picturesque West British coasts, some part of which would most certainly have been shared by the Irish Free State.

If we want to induce Ireland to co-operate with us, surely we might be a little less blind to her political ideas and her economic interests?

WALTON NEWBOLD.

11 Lilyville Road, S.W.6.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE AND ART. 231

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have no desire to prolong the dispute about the meaning of Article 231 in your columns, as I am dealing with it elsewhere.

But to one suggestion of Dr. Maxwell Garnett in your issue of April 16th I must demur.

If, as Archbishop Temple and the Germans aver, Art. 231 means that reparation is exacted from Germany *because* they were guilty of making the war—surely the conclusion is obvious, if we acquit them of the charge. If we now admit they are not so guilty then we ought to pay back the money wrongfully exacted. Otherwise we have exacted money on one pretext—and refuse to pay it back—when we admit our pretext to have been false.

HAROLD TEMPERLEY.

Peterhouse, Cambridge.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am very puzzled about the assumption of moral sanctions governing the Treaty of Versailles made by Mr. Temperley and others. The Treaty of Versailles was signed under duress—under the threat of a renewed blockade and a French occupation. Is it not general law that a document signed under duress is unenforcible against the signatories who are prejudiced thereby?

Secondly, Mr. Temperley has referred to certain letters as the documents dealing with "war guilt": but the Treaty of

Versailles was made valid by Act of Parliament and that Act did not make the documents he refers to part of the legal instrument. The only article is Article 231 and it is as plain a statement of war responsibility as could be drafted.

Finally, Mr. Lloyd George, in his very curious book on "War Debts and Reparations," alleges that no attempt was made in the Treaty to fix the amount of reparations and professes to quote the relevant clauses in the Treaty on the point; but he has omitted all reference to Article 235, which declares "Germany shall pay during 1919, 1920, and the first four months of 1921, the equivalent of 20,000,000,000 gold marks." Mr. Lloyd George is not very candid in trying to mislead his readers who may accept his word as to the "relevant causes" of the Treaty.

74 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. C. H. NORMAN.

THE ARISTOCRATIC EMBRACE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Birrell's attempt to minimise the influence of the "aristocratic embrace" upon Mr. MacDonald does not accord with the obvious facts of the situation. Years ago, when Mr. MacDonald was member of Parliament for this city (Leicester) he visited and stayed with humble local workers in the Party. The local aristocracy, both in the city and the county, reviled him. All that is now changed. On the last occasion upon which he was in this neighbourhood he stayed with a marquis, and he followed the hounds. (I grant he followed them on foot—but this simply means that he still has some leeway to make up before he becomes a fully qualified denizen of Horseback Hall.)

Mr. Birrell surely would not deny that the aristocracy, who at one time had feelings of hatred and contempt for Mr. MacDonald, now hold him in high esteem, and even welcome him into their society. Nor can it be denied that Mr. MacDonald has for a considerable time shown a preference for being amongst them. Who has changed? Is there anyone so simple as to think that the marquises and millionaires, in embracing Mr. MacDonald, have also embraced Socialism? W. W. HILL.

Rothwell House,
St. John's Road, Leicester.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One has listened for so long, and with such respectful admiration, to Mr. Francis Birrell's judgments on books, films, and plays, that his regrettable incursion into politics last week made one really pink and uncomfortable.

He doesn't—didn't, rather—like the members of the 1917 Club. Nor, it appears, did Mr. MacDonald. So, encouraged by what he feels to be Mr. MacDonald's fundamental rightness in this one particular, Mr. Birrell is impelled to make a general defence of the Prime Minister and a general attack on his faithless supporters. But, alas for his case, the 1917 Club was neither the Labour movement nor the Carlton Club of that movement—nor even the one and only home of the mugwumps who threw in their lot with the movement. And an acquaintance with the 1917 Club is but a sketchy foundation for generalisations about either the movement or Mr. MacDonald.

The members of the 1917 Club may have been nasty, un-Cavalierish people. But the great mass of Labour Party workers and supporters up and down the country were (more's the pity!) unquestionably of Sir Harry Lee's mind in their attitude to their leader. So was the big majority of the Party—horny-handed or inky-handed—in the House of Commons. No political leader can ever have been accorded a more unquestioning loyalty. To suggest the opposite is to slander thousands of straight men and women in order to flatter one politician.

Mr. Birrell objects to the manners of the tiny handful of Labour supporters with whom he came into contact. May I make this one remark on the subject of manners—that the contrast between Mr. MacDonald's manners, in and about the lobbies, towards his Labour followers between 1929 and July, 1931, and towards his new "National" supporters during September of last year, was sufficiently marked to arouse comment from all sorts of people in the House, and certainly justified comments by "Critic," or Mr. Garratt, or anyone else on "the aristocratic embrace"? J. F. HORRABIN.

72 Gower Street, W.C.1.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is evident that Mr. Francis Birrell, who seeks to defend Mr. MacDonald's treachery towards the Labour Party, fails to understand what the Party is and what it stands for. After the approved manner of the superior person he describes it as an organisation with which "an angel from heaven could have done nothing." Anyone who can thus refer to the great working class political movement of this country, with its vast resources of generous, selfless enthusiasm, and its high ideals of social justice, reveals himself as lacking the necessary understanding to act as a judge.

So far from Labour being ungenerous to its leaders, the fact is notorious that it carries generosity to excess, and suffers accordingly. Sentimental loyalty to the man in possession, both in the Trade Union and political worlds, in spite of patent defects, invariably delays or prevents changes being made long after self-interest has shown these to be necessary. It was this sentimental toleration which caused Mr. MacDonald to be suffered so long after his incapacity for vigorous leadership stood revealed in all its verbose nakedness. What other Party would have overlooked, as Labour did, the palsied handling of the Red Letter scare of the 1924 Election, with its lamentable consequences?

Mr. MacDonald probably could not help revelling in the astute flattery of the Court and of society leaders, nor in the pomp and trappings of levées and similar conventional functions—and revel in these things he undoubtedly did—but this only serves to emphasise his unfitness to lead an insurgent political movement whose existence is a challenge to existing social divisions and conventions. Now he is gone, and most of us count a temporary check as a price well worth paying to be rid of such leadership, since the generous sentimentality of the Party precluded a deposition which would have been well justified on merits.

As to Mr. Birrell's reference to the Prime Minister's war attitude, it is well to recall that this, too, was typical of the man, tortuous and changing. As one who fought in the war I could appreciate, if not approve, of Mr. Snowden's clear-cut and stable opposition to that calamitous clash, but there was nothing clear-cut and stable about Mr. MacDonald's attitude. He was always executing strategic twists and turns on the issue, in the authentic manner of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, as the records of that time will show. ERNEST THURTLE.

49 Lichfield Grove, N.3.

RAIL *V.* ROAD

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In common with other members of the travelling public I find thrust upon my attention in the dining saloons of trains, in hotels, and elsewhere, a tract distributed by the railway interests which, in view of the coming Conference on Rail and Road Transport, it seems to me it would now be a graceful act to withdraw from circulation.

I have no wish to write anything which might tend to increase the exasperation of those who have broadcast their plea for "fair play," but it is surely a fantastic twist of logic to say that because the railways have to pay for the upkeep of their own tracks therefore the owners of motor vehicles should pay "the full current expenditure on roads" belonging not to them but to the community; and, anyhow, motor users are already paying, including the petrol tax, £59,000,000 a year for the privilege of being what they are.

Nobody blames the railways for failing to foresee that there would come a day when their rigid tracks would fail to pay. These tracks remain a necessary feature of our national life, but it is absurd to say that they must be made solvent by bleeding their more mobile rival. And that certainly will not be a solution which will appeal to the approaching Conference.

If the railways seek fair play they must give it; and the first step in that direction is to recall this unfortunate pamphlet.

8 Queen Street, SELBY.
Mayfair, W.1.

"THE MIRACLE"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The attack on *The Miracle* by your critic is young and impetuous. But is it just and judicious? Of course, it is not what Diaghileff would produce in 1932 if he were alive. It is Reinhardt, and we all know the difference. But it is not true that Massine's "choreography is, with the exception of one dance, disgraceful." There are some magnificent episodes; the Robber Court and the Coronation scenes are outstanding.

And why is he is unfair to Mr. Messel, who is much better

than most theatrical costumiers? Wouldn't it be silly to employ Picasso or Chirico for *The Miracle*? I plead in judging things to judge them in their own class, not pigs as poultry. We all know, without going to see it, what *The Miracle* is not. We want to hear from the critic if it is a good popular spectacle of its kind, and whether nine out of ten of your readers would not enjoy it—as I believe they would. LYDIA LOPÖKOVA.

46 Gordon Square, Bloomsbury.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your comments on the discrepancies in the administration of the Means Test are very true. In one Guardians' area of Essex over 80 per cent. of applicants for transitional benefit are given the full benefit. In another area only 8 per cent. get full benefit. In some places ex-Service disability pensions are not taken into account, while in others almost the whole of such pensions are taken into account. The claimants have no appeal from the decision of a Guardians Committee—committees which are not elected, but are appointed by county and local councils.

S. S. WILSON,
Secretary, Saffron Walden Division Labour Party.

THE PATENT MEDICINE SCANDAL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I was naturally gratified by the letter of Sir Henry Norman, who has in days gone by done so much to draw public attention to this national evil. It is, however, to comment on the letters which appeared in your issue of April 16th that I am writing. Your correspondent "Advocatus Diaboli" underestimates, I think, the intelligence of the jury in relying on the pleas he advances on behalf of his distinguished client. I am well aware that there are, both within the advertising world and within the newspaper industry, many men who would like to see fraudulent advertising stamped out. I am familiar also with the activities (not altogether fruitless) of the Advertising Association; but your correspondent must possess something of Nelson's aptitude with the telescope if he has really convinced himself that, "for some years past, the columns of the press have been definitely closed to the worst forms of patent medicine advertising."

If the business of the Advertising Association's "Investigation Department" is, as he says, "to detect and prevent fraudulent and improper advertising of every kind" that Department must have either an easy-going conscience or a distressing consciousness of failure. Here are a few extracts from the advertisement columns, not of obscure provincial weeklies, but of great "National" newspapers, each with a circulation running into seven figures, published in London during the present year! "Internal and external abscesses! Stubborn case yields to . . ."; "Nature has one proved and certain preventive and curative agent for Influenza . . . . It attacks the root of the trouble through the blood-stream"; "Gall stones and jaundice . . . . invaluable for liver, kidney and stomach complaints."; "No matter who it is in the home suffering from kidney trouble, no better advice can be given than this. Go at once to your nearest chemist and get a supply of . . . They will quickly end the pain and danger of kidney trouble."; "Revolutionary discovery conquers erysipelas, ringworm, abscesses and poisoned wounds."; "Internal and external growths. Wonderful . . . disperses bodily growths without operation."

The Advertising Association, which, according to your correspondent, numbers among its members representatives of the newspapers in which the advertisements appear, either approves of these announcements or is powerless to stop them. It failed, or took no steps, to prevent the publication of the celebrated electric comb advertisement to which I referred in the opening paragraph of my article. And it was not in struggling small-town newspapers, but in the *Daily Mirror* and the *News of the World*, that the "Lucky Irish Charm" was enabled to exploit the credulity of their not very intelligent readers. I have purposely not dwelt on merely ludicrous—though depressingly successful—efforts to pick the pockets of the simple; or on hyperbolic claims inflicting little but financial damage and disappointment on the victims. Most of the statements I have quoted from current advertisements are such as are likely, in so far as they are believed, to lead to the gravest pathological results, in some cases to loss of life.

In conclusion, I ought, perhaps, to explain, *à propos* of Mr. Robertson Scott's and Mr. Stockdale Ross's references to the famous "Secret Remedies" published some years ago by the B.M.A., that I have not mentioned this work or quoted its analyses, partly because the correctness of many of those analyses has been disputed; and partly because the material point which they are supposed to prove has little final relevance to the main issue. The questions involved in this matter are very much more serious than those of mere pounds, shillings and pence. It is the fraudulent and dangerous statements, not the mere over-charging, on which we should concentrate.

63 Harford Street, E.1. HARRY ROBERTS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to add a postscript to my last letter?

At least two very largely advertised nostrums, making most extravagant remedial claims, actually print, in small type, a notice that no proprietary rights are claimed in the prescription or method of manufacture. Consequently their remedial properties can only reside in the names given to them!

I ascertained from the Stationery Office that the small report has long been out of print, but the full report of the Commission can still be obtained, price 6s. 7d. H. H. STOCKDALE ROSS.

NO APPLAUSE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your contributor Y.Y., bewailing the fact that the pleasure of clapping his hands may be denied him, is right in theory and a good psychologist, but perhaps has missed a point for the anti-applause party.

Does the average Englishman know when not to applaud? How many entries are spoilt by a tentative titter of applause, merely because someone has recognised Sir Gerald du Hardwicke or Miss Sybil Cooper, and feels that he must tell the world. Let people clap at the end of a performance, but not till the curtain is down, or the atmosphere created (if there is one) will be spoilt. The lady who shouted at Othello: "Can't you see? you great black fool?" is to be preferred to the intermittent clapper. Curtain calls may be all very well, but they are only a habit; their customary absence at performances by the Marlowe Society here does not, I think, rankle in the minds of even the most appreciative of the audience. THERSITES.

Cambridge.

Miscellany

A NEW DRAMATIST AT LAST

MUSICAL CHAIRS is the best play by a new dramatist I have seen for many years. There is nothing wrong with English Drama except the scarcity of good dramatists; the appearance of Mr. Ronald Mackenzie is, therefore, an event of importance. *Musical Chairs* is not only a moving play, but an extremely amusing one. It is magnificently acted, and the production is one of the most subtle and intelligent productions of the last two years. Without being an imitator of Tchehov, the play owes a good deal to Tchehov's dramatic technique. The dialogue has throughout that rhythm of living speech which is characteristic of the best passages in Mr. Noel Coward's plays, while the characters are much more interesting than his characters. The play has, too, that modern tempo which is the most attractive element in the best plays which come to us from America, but combined with a subtlety of psychology which is lacking in such plays as *Broadway*. Mr. Komisarjevsky was the right man to produce it, and doubtless the credit of many of the finest strokes of silent acting must be shared between him and the interpreters. One sign of a perfect production is that all the actors who take part in it give us the impression of understanding the characters they interpret completely, and this is most notably the case in *Musical Chairs*.

It is difficult to choose any particular parts for special commendation, since each is so well acted. From such small parts as that of the peasant servant, Anna, or the American business man (an excellent piece of mimicry), to those parts which sustain the main emotions, all are perfectly acted. Joseph Schindler, the nervous, intelligent, consumptive

youth, was astonishingly well interpreted by Mr. John Gielgud, and his easy-going, warm-hearted father, Wilhelm Schindler, is a study which reveals, in the hands of Mr. Frank Vosper, those depths of emotion which a really good dramatist can discover in ordinary human nature.

The plot of *Musical Chairs* is just sufficient to add that element of suspense which sharpens our interest in character. From the moment the curtain goes up we feel we are watching live men and women, and we become at once interested in their relations to each other; the events upon the stage are precisely adjusted to reveal those relations further. The scene is laid in Galicia. The Schindlers, father and son, are presumably Anglo-Saxon Jews, though the Jewish strain in them is of little psychological importance. The elder Schindler is a man of about sixty, a business man who owns a property on which he is certain he will find oil. When the play begins he is almost at the end of his resources, and his wife, an Englishwoman, is most anxious that he should accept the offer of the American agent who hopes to do a good piece of business for his company by buying the Schindlers out. They do strike oil, and he has to offer a much larger sum than he did at first. Schindler, by the by, has been married before, and Joseph (Mr. Gielgud) is his son by his first marriage. As a widower he married the elderly Mrs. Preston, who had a son and a daughter by her first marriage. The son has lived in America and acquired there a restless but somewhat futile business energy. He has brought back with him an American girl to whom he is engaged; Irene Baumer is an extremely well-drawn type of the modern cosmopolitan American girl, hard on the surface, but sincere and capable of real feeling. She finds Joseph Schindler, with his artistic, bitter temperament, much more interesting than Geoffrey (a small part excellently played by Mr. Jack Livesey), and Joseph, too, soon becomes interested in her, though he had imagined that his heart was still set on an Austrian girl who was killed in an air-raid. Joseph's tragedy, a tragedy which has dislocated his nerves and soured his view of life, is that she was killed by a bomb dropped in an air-raid in which he took part as a member of the English Air Force. His awareness of his fatal disease, combined with this awful memory that his duty as a soldier may have led him to kill the woman he loved, explains his bitter indifference to life, from which he finds some relief in playing the piano. The key to Joseph's character is that he cannot be interested in anything but in railing and playing the piano, and in the half-ironic excitement of a passing love-affair. The presence of Irene offers him that distraction. This disillusioned, embittered, artistic type is the test of a dramatist; he is so easy to conceive and so difficult to create. One of the marks which make me confident in hailing Mr. Ronald Mackenzie as a dramatist who may relieve the aridity of our stage, is that he has drawn Joseph, who might easily have been a commonplace puppet, as well as Turgenev or Tchehov might have drawn him. Although Joseph cannot control his bitter tongue or his exasperated gestures when talking to Mary Preston, his step-sister, who is timidly and anxiously in love with him, he convinces us that he is a man of feeling. Mr. Gielgud's acting was a wonderfully convincing mixture of nervous exasperation and real emotion. It is through the unfortunate Mary that the tragedy in the play comes about. She sees him go to Irene's room one night, and yielding to the hysteria of self-pity she tries to drown herself next morning in the river. Joseph runs after her and in attempting to save her is drowned.

The last scene of the last act takes place after this tragic event; the family are packing up and leaving Galicia. It is in this scene that the dramatist has learnt from Tchehov without slavishly copying him. We see the amorous, eupeptic Schindler as a broken man—though perhaps he will retrick his beams; and we understand then what we had only divined before, that Joseph was the dearest person in the world to him, and that the tie between father and son, so very unlike each other on the surface, was a complete sympathy. Mr. Vosper acted the tired, gentle pathos of his farewell to the place most intimately associated with his son with moving restraint. It was a beautiful bit of acting. And from one blasting retort directed at the unhappy Mary we understand that, for all her hard self-composure and determination to get, at any rate, *her* share out of life, Irene has a greater capacity both for sorrow and for love than Joseph's love-sick sister.

Up to this last scene the tragedy of life has been hidden in the play beneath its comedy. It is the subtlety with which these two aspects are combined that makes *Musical Chairs* so remarkable a play. The sufferings and exasperations of Joseph, the philanderings of Schindler with Anna, who keeps her peasant eye fixed on the main chance in her intrigue with him, the distressed bewilderment of Mrs. Schindler on discovering her husband's laughing, frivolous affair with a servant, have up to the last act been kept on the level of comedy. Then tragedy breaks in and readjusts our estimate of the human beings concerned, showing the gay, frivolous old man and the hard young woman better fitted than the serious characters for profound feeling.

And as a final tribute let me add that *Musical Chairs* must entertain and rivet not only the playgoer who analyses his emotions and the intentions of a dramatist, but those who go to the theatre to be entertained and taken out of themselves.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

CASES

"CASES?" said the fat man at the end of the table. "Well, after forty years of them I ought to know, so I did. Let me tell you, young man, there's not another man in Sussex what knows more about them than I do. Why, in the old days when we used English ones, forty and fifty years back, when I was with old Pilbeam, down in Crowboro', I knew all about the supply to the south of England. O' course, they don't use English ones to-day: no, sir, d'you know where they all comes from?—America. Cases ain't a living to-day here. Why, how can it be when there's two hundred tons being produced, in factories there, a week? *You*"—turning to the little man—"*you* know that that's going on. And how's it done? Well, when the innards is dropped, black chaps, cheap labour, y'know, gets on to it and strips all the membrane off. Then it lays till it's high—oo, awful it is—so that when the rest is loosened-like it comes off easy. Then the government comes along and shoves it all in picric acid—the government, mind you, not the business man—and cleans off all the bacteria. There you've got a fine clean eatable case. Then they're all packed up and exported all over the world, and I tell you"—smacking the table—"there's *nothing* to touch 'em on the market. And that's God's truth; why, ours are like rubber in comparison."

Here he paused and replenished his mouth with roast pork. I sat still wondering. Cases—packing-cases, mental cases?—anyway, why shouldn't we make them too? And why the Government with bottles of acid! Subsidised industry! dumped cases! write to the papers, tariffs, defend British cases, national planning . . . . But the little man, seeing the size of the mouthful, was not slow to take his chance.

"Yes, yes," he said, "mayhap you're right. But I'll guarantee to show you as good an English article in an English case as ever you'll find. That's made by Fred Mellor, down near Whitehaven, and famous all over the country. Royalty eats 'em; believe me or not, everywhere the King goes, Sandringham, Buckingham Palace, Melton Mowbray, there they go, too." (Here he lowered his voice.) "And the secret is—green sage—and celery—and plenty of salt."

"Um-um," gobbled the fat man, "that'd set off the pork."

Ah, I thought, a clue—pork; or would that be the pork in his mouth? But "they" must be for eating: perhaps. . .

anyway, thank God for the King. *He* always buys British. And he did give up his beer . . . But the little man ran on.

"Funny thing, but I shouldn't never have known that if I hadn't kep' bulldogs. You see, sir (to me), before the wa. I useter breed 'em, and I'd a nice little bitch and I bought a dog for her from a chap called Piper—a nice one he was only he'd lost an eye as puppy, so I only kept him for stock. Now this chap and I, we once went down . . ."

But the small Porges had ended, and shifting his belly in the chair, leaned forward quite mercilessly and gave tongue.

"What I says is, give me a couple of thou and I'll make you the prettiest little business you like. You know what I'd do, eh?"

"Huh," from the little man discomfited. "No, go on," from me, hoping for more about cases.

"Well, I'd get a nice little property in Bournemouth in a good part, say London Road, and I'd build there a real slap-up place, all white tiles and shinin' bars and plenty of light, and light-haired men, too. Always have light-haired men. Know why?" he asked.

"Huh?" from both.

"Chins is cleaner, that's why: what d'you think of that?" (Silence; both being stunned by this Napoleonic observation.) "And they've got more guts, more go, keen as mustard—now you never see a light-haired man out of work, do you?" (Come to think of it, of course one doesn't, though they mostly wear hats at the Exchanges, so it's harder to see. I wonder why the Minister of Labour hasn't found this out. Perhaps it's not high wages, but black hair that lies at the root of unemployment. Henna for prosperity!) "Then on one side I'd have a chap makin' pies in the front, with all the ingredients before your eyes, and pushin' 'em in an oven. And he'd wear a big white cap, and there'd be boys go to the boarding-houses for orders at eight in the morning with proper bicycles, and I'd have a card with my name and photograph." ("Surely a blunder," I thought.) "And—oh, yes, on the other side there'd be another fellow same as the first, with the bread and stuff and the cases, and he'd be makin' 'em all day. AND I bet you a shilling to a pound we'd sell tons in a week—of course, I'd make a good seasoned article, for what I always says is, a sausage ought to be a sausage."

RICHMOND POSTGATE.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE CHEAP

EMPIRE: Buster Keaton in *The Passionate Plumber*.

REGAL and LONDON PAVILION: George Arliss in *The Silent Voice*.

IT is far from pleasant, it is almost indecent to see these two great men in the films mentioned above, which are not worthy of their interpreters. Both productions are, however, significant of what Hollywood is likely to come to now that Hollywood, too, is a victim of the great slump.

The Passionate Plumber is the product of that form of economy which consists in jamming three stars into one film and saving money on everything else. But in this case it is a hopeless course, for Keaton belongs to the old school of movie art, which was entirely built up round the exploitation of a single personality. A Keaton film should be a matter of Keaton, Keaton all the way, whether in a train during the Civil War, on the open spaces of Virginia, or up and down on the endless wastes of the Mississippi. To thrust him into a flat with two other stars can only result in a pitiful overcrowding. Keaton was never meant to be circumscribed within the limits of a French farce. Perhaps Buster Keaton was never designed for the talkies. His immobile, hopelessly puzzled, masklike countenance is the very epitome of silence. He should be a dumb protest against a brutal world. I should like to see him in a film in which everyone else chatters incessantly, but where he never opens his mouth. Certainly the best moments in all Keaton talkies have been those when the picture became to all intents and purposes silent. There are some excellent moments of this kind in *The Passionate Plumber*, particularly the painful affair of a duel, when we are not being bothered by Durante or Polly Moran; we can once more gaze on that inconceivable countenance, enjoy that laughter which is so near to tears. But the pleasures of *The Passionate Plumber* are in general the pleasures of reminiscence. We laugh when we are reminded of earlier pictures, in which the master has moved more happily. I doubt if Macaulay's New Zealander, had he grown up in some virgin forest unviolated by the films, would get much out of *The Passionate Plumber*. For Keaton is wrestling with difficulties too great even for him. The mere thought of Keaton in Paris is offensive to well-ordered minds. There are certainly laughs in *The Passionate Plumber*, but in the end one is ashamed of having laughed.

Mr. Arliss, too, is not worthily displayed in *The Silent Voice*, which is that most depressing of all entertainments, a sound version of a silent version of a stage play, another form of Hollywood economy. Arliss has never had, like Keaton, a genius for the movies. He is the one man who by sheer force of character and brilliance of technique has successfully imposed on the screen the methods of the stage actor. He is well worth looking at even in *The Silent Voice*. The play deals with one of the most profound problems in philosophy: How to account for the existence of sin and misery in a world controlled by an all-wise and all-loving Deity. As this problem has tortured all the philosophers who have given their minds to it, it is not to be wondered at that Arliss does not quite solve it in an hour and a half. But such is his extraordinary talent that he does succeed in suggesting that his gift of piano-playing had grown into a sin and that it was only by becoming stone-deaf and apparently useless that he could save his soul. His power of expressing nervous exasperation and impatience, of which we had a sketch in *The Millionaire*, is marvellously developed in *The Silent Voice*. The domestic trial of living with an angry and useless genius on the verge of suicide is certainly made real by the vitality which Arliss can impart even to other people. The fact that this film is quite obviously a stage play irritates one less than it usually does because Arliss has never pretended to be other than a stage actor, and one can be quite content to study his technique through the medium of the films, as one can study the technique of a hurdler in slow-motion or of Bobby Jones practising mashie shots. It is more serious that there is a sort of sentimentality implicit in the play, which becomes odiously obvious the moment Arliss is off the screen; and not even Arliss can get away with the last moment, the metaphysical climax of the film, when he is once more able to play the organ, erected to the memory of his mother. For, now that he is purged of the sin of pride, he can, though still deaf, once more use his gifts. The argument is not ill-sustained all through, but the illustration is sometimes far from happy. Still, it is interesting to see the kings of Hollywood grappling with the problems of theology.

I fear they have done it, however, merely because it is cheaper. Having built up an art industry on the most expensive possible methods, by always spending a thousand pounds when a hundred would have done rather better, they now find themselves in the agonising position of having to economise and of not knowing in the least how to do it. The problem before Hollywood is, in fact, the problem before the whole United States. But there is this difference for us. In the matter of the films, America's difficulty might well be Europe's opportunity. It should not be hard to produce excellent films a great deal cheaper than Hollywood has done in the past. In fact, we have been presented with an occasion of asserting ourselves which could never have been foreseen. It is to be hoped that the British film industry realises the possibilities of the moment.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Painting the Lily

WHEN Mr. Griffith Jones, called the Commentator, and dressed like Harlequin with a touch of the Bench, explained to us, before Part One of *Vile Bodies* at the Vaudeville, that the hero, Adam, "arrives at Knowledge through frustration" and "through laxity and sickness reaches health," and again, before Part Two, warns us that "Nemesis demands a toll" from "This empty age of speed," and that, somehow, "this lesson in futility" would lead to an "improvement in the race," it rather seemed that our careful Censor was painting the festering lilies. Surely no one could suppose that the author admired these futile and unhappy young people, or that their tragic fates could be other than a warning. Yet remarks overheard proved that there were some in the audience whom even the Commentator could not convince of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's satiric intention. *Vile Bodies* is—how rarely this is true—better as a play than in its original form. This witty, seemingly gentle, actually very vicious attack on some modern smart sets well repays a second visit, though Mr. Esmé Percy's attractive gestures with his strange, long hands cannot compensate us for the loss of Mr. Ernest Thesiger's curious, languid force and rich idiosyncrasies as Miles Malpractice. The other principal parts were unchanged, Mr. Robert Douglas continues, without any palliation of his weaknesses, to make us intensely sorry for Adam, and Miss Eileen Peel again gives the impression that there is only emptiness behind the charm and prettiness of his fiancée, Nina. The other actors in their old parts were admirable.

Once Upon a Time

"I wish that I might be even richer than the princess and that she would love me with all her heart," says the poor peasant in the fairy tale, as he turns the ring upon his finger. And, of course, he is immediately surrounded by sacks of gold and the princess's white arms agreeably encircle his neck. That is as it should be, but a fairy tale in modern dress (*Bewitched*, by Mr. Oliver Currie, at the Arts Theatre), has very little excuse for its existence. Given a village rector and a daughter of the manor, one expects them to solve their amorous problem in some more robust way than by discovering that the parson really owns half the neighbouring country and is thus a fit companion for a noble lord. However, there was a more far-reaching difficulty than that of finance. The rector (Mr. Martin Lewis) was so fascinated by the portrait of a gypsy maid hanging in his parlour that he sometimes forgot the existence of Joyce (Miss Dorothy Peters). It was not until he had been visited by a troublous dream which took him into the eighteenth century, reconstructed (wrongly) the gypsy's story and lasted for an act, that the harassed clergyman was told that the painting represented an ancestress of his beloved. Mr. Lewis made use of a mournful voice, but the sophistication of Miss Dorothy Peters removed the compensating glamour of magic from this anæmic play.

Pleasure Garden

Miss Beatrice Mayor's *The Pleasure Garden* (at the Gate Theatre) is a play that revives well. The scene is laid in a London park. Hither come the student, the philosopher, the expectant mother, the parson's wife, the inanely smiling busybody, the man and woman of fashion absorbed in their selfish futilities, the disappointed actor, the thwarted poet and his foolishly adoring wife, the bickering married couple with love lost, the ardent lovers with love newly found, the lady of easy virtue, and the lonely gentlewoman. We are invited by the philosopher to identify ourselves with the student of crustacea; and to turn from our crabbed preoccupations in order to observe the curious behaviour of the human species. In the microcosm of the Pleasure Garden we see that the mind is its own place, and makes its own hells and heavens. The play needs a full-sized stage, but the producer, Mr. Peter Godfrey, cleverly avoids the effect of cramped action by emphasising the latent expressionism which allows private lives to be lived plausibly, midst jostling public surroundings. The acting is admirable. Miss Betty Potter as the gentlewoman, Miss Estelle Winwood as Topsy, and Mr. Lewis Shaw as the student give performances of outstanding merit.

Ebullient Dubarry

It is impossible to discuss *The Dubarry*, at His Majesty's Theatre, without becoming personal on the subject of Miss Anny Ahlers, the young German star, who has reduced a comparatively elaborate musical piece to a mere setting for her personality. Her vitality flames through the mincing stage-eighteenth-century scene as ferociously challenging as the mop of red hair which throws out every one of Mr. Aubrey Hammond's colour schemes. Her acting makes hay of the libretto, which is rather less insipid than that of most musical comedies, and one longs to see her in a real play. She gives a most exhilarating performance. There is, of course, a price to pay. Once or twice she shows the impossibility of producing a powerful top note and a dazzling smile at the same time. Her gaucherie, deliberate or not, becomes irritating; but a fresh wind, however boisterous, can only be welcomed in the doldrums of this genre, and the hearty welcome that Miss Ahlers has received is fully justified. The rest of the cast, one feels, would have shone in her absence. Mr. Edmund Willard, who must be heartily sick of being called "sinister," Miss Clarice Hardwicke, and Miss Margaret Yarde contriving heroically to be funny without material; Mr. Heddle Nash, dulcetly despairing true-lover; and Mr. Lawrence Anderson, improbable but very satisfying Louis XV; but altogether they hardly do more than swell the tail of the comet.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 23—

Workers' International Relief Conference, 84, Blackfriars Road, 2.30.
Shakespeare Festival, April 23 to May 28th, Stratford-on-Avon.
"Hamlet," Kingsway and Old Vic.

Sunday, April 24th—

Alfred Salter on "London's Housing Problems," Transport Hall, 7.30.
"The Mews," Arts.
"The Multabello Road," St. Martin's.

Monday, April 25th—

"The Witch," Festival Theatre, Cambridge.
"Heartbreak House," Queen's.

Tuesday, April 26th—

Women's National Liberal Federation, Annual Council, 1 Great George Street, S.W.1.
Tyrone Guthrie on "Modern Methods in Production," British Drama League, 8 Adelphi Terrace, 8.30.
"Pleasure Cruise," Apollo.
"The Duchess of Dantzic," Daly's.

Wednesday, April 27th—

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Wings Over Europe," Globe.

Thursday, April 28th—

Delius's "The Mass of Life," Royal Albert Hall, 8.15.
"The Merchant of Venice," St. James's.
"Strange Barrier," Fortune.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

RATHER over two thousand and six hundred letters of Lord Chesterfield are too many—that was my first thought as I gazed at the very handsome edition, *The Letters of Lord Chesterfield* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6 vols., £12 12s.), arranged by Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, who has also contributed an introduction which is a masterpiece of discreet and evidently sincere apology. A very good case, too, Mr. Dobrée makes out. Chesterfield was harshly treated. His reputation has suffered most from two things—his supposed insolence to Dr. Johnson and certain alleged meannesses in his will. Of these accusations Mr. Dobrée disposes with a thoroughness that makes one wonder how they have survived so long. Nor has he much more difficulty in showing that Johnson's gibe at the letters is unfair. For his time and class Chesterfield had a high standard of morality, and his advice to his son, while it might not satisfy a strict moralist, is not depraved or disgusting. Indeed, the character which Mr. Dobrée has so skilfully restored is that of a good-natured, perhaps too precise, helpful man. He has, however, left the careful reader to make one fatal discovery. Chesterfield has been attacked for all kinds of faults of which he is not guilty; the one which can be, I think, proved upon him is rarely, if ever, mentioned. The man has been held up to horror and approbation, transformed by the pious into a kind of secular Satan, regarded as a corrupter of youth, and a disgraceful hypocrite. What is not said is that my Lord Chesterfield is too often a crashing bore. There are passages in the letters which are almost indistinguishable from the lectures of Mr. Fairchild.

* * *

Once we admit Chesterfield is a bore, that his chief characteristic is a heavy solemnity (often very sensible) on matters trivial and great, much that is odd in him is explained. His excessive dislike of humour, especially rough humour, his prejudice against laughter, are due to his recognition of his own limitations. He did not wish to laugh or to arouse laughter, not, as he pretended, because of the unseemliness of the exercise, but because he was practically without humour; though I also suspect that his very proper disapprobation of violent horseplay was due to the fact that his natural, untrained self found the butter-slide or the booby-trap excruciatingly funny. His capacity to bore is as unlimited as his intentions are kindly. In the later letters to his godson there is more ease and relaxation than in those to his son, but even this child has to be continually instructed. His godfather cannot quote Waller in a letter to him, Waller "our first, genteel, pretty poet," without pointing out that the poem contains an error in astronomy. I am sure he is quite right—about the error, and in calling attention to it; but that is not the sort of mind, pedantic, priggish, didactic, which makes a man very exhilarating company. I can see no reason why Lord Chesterfield could not destroy anyone's interest in almost any subject, so lacking is he in proportion, in unconsidered lightness. It is quite unfair to accuse him of a general snobbishness; he was glad to admire merit wherever he found it, but I find it hard to understand always his precise criterion—the rule by which he distinguishes between the low and the polite. For instance, what is in his mind when he writes with such condescension that Charles XII of Sweden "in his low camp style" declared that "by resolution and perseverance a man might do anything"? Where is the lowness there? In the language or the sentiment?

* * *

My suspicion that Chesterfield's dislike of horseplay sprang partly, at any rate, from too easy an inclination to find it humorous, gets some support from the odd story of "Loyola," which is new to me. Loyola was a dog, and Chesterfield, whom the superficial would, I am sure, write down as a cat-lover, wrote to his son (in October, 1758, when he was nearly sixty) comparing Loyola to Philip's dog Sultan. Mr. Dobrée adds a note:

> "Mr. and Mrs. Jephson told me that Lord Chesterfield used to keep a great sharp-nosed dog called Loyola, of which he and his wife were preposterously fond, that used to keep all their company in continued danger. He once flew at Mr. Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's son, as he was leaning against his mother's chair in the dining-room, and tore a great piece out of his breast. They were so selfish, so unfeeling and so brutal as never to confine or muzzle this dog, because they were safe themselves; and once upon Mrs. Jephson's asking Lady Chesterfield how she might keep from offending Loyola, she told her 'dat she believe her best chaunce vas not to look to dat part of the room'" (*Hist. MSS. Comm.: 12th Report*, App. IX, 209.)

That is not in keeping with the usual picture of Lord Chesterfield, and shows behaviour which one would have thought would have been visited, in the letters, with vehement disapproval.

* * *

One reads the letters to-day for their good sense, however pompously expressed, for their occasional slender flashes of wit, and for the destructive criticism of manners or people Chesterfield disliked. How sensibly he takes advantage of a fit of colic from which Philip was suffering to warn him of other risks:

> Health, to my mind, deserves more attention than life; and yet one would think that few people know the value of it, by their way of living. Fruit is yet the only irregularity your age exposes you to; and you see the consequences of it; but they are not to compare to the ill consequences which attend the irregularity of manhood. Wine and women give incurable distempers. Fevers, the gout, the stone, the pox, are the necessary consequences of debauchery: and can rational creatures then wilfully bring such misfortunes upon themselves?

Occasionally Chesterfield surprises us by reference to a standard which most would consider was respected only by quite another class of thinker. For instance, he ends a letter of October, 1749, with the exhortation that Philip should not believe "that, while I am only exposing a prejudice, I am speaking in favour of arbitrary power, which from my soul I abhor, and look upon as a gross and criminal violation of the natural rights of mankind." There is nothing surprising in the denunciation of tyranny, but it is rather unexpected to find Chesterfield basing such a denunciation on a principle which, if logically applied, would make nonsense of most of his advice. Nothing, however, detracts from the sound sense of Chesterfield's comments on manners, on the arts necessary to keep society decent, amiable, and self-respecting. He was an almost fanatical opponent of the drinking habits of his day, and holds that over-drinking and gambling were a fool's vices. If there is a trace of the Pharisee as well as of the moral philosopher in his distaste, that is no reason for refusing him the credit of opposing a stupid and unsocial fashion. It is his unceasing desire that his pupils should "distinguish carefully between the pleasures of a man of fashion and the vices of a scoundrel; pursue the former and abhor the latter, like a man of sense." Bore he frequently is, but never a fool. In a letter to Dayrolles he comments thus about a picture Dayrolles has sent him:

> As soon as the supreme connoisseurs shall have sat upon it, I will let you know their verdict, not that for my own part I shall care twopence about it, for I distrust the skill of most, and the truth of all of them. They pronounce according to the pictures, that they either have or have not, or that they want to buy or sell, of the same hand.

And how he can hit off a type he despises!

> A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

How like, how deplorably like our old friend Mr. B——— or Mr. H———!

RICHARD SUNNE.

IMMORTAL FACTS

Everyman's Encyclopædia. Edited by A. RIDGWAY and E. J. HOLMYARDS. Twelve Volumes. Dent. 5s. 6d. each.

I think I must have been asked to review the new edition of *Everyman's Encyclopædia* because I have never possessed—or even opened—any encyclopædia before. I might therefore be expected to approach such a work with a fresh—not to say completely new-laid eye. I took away the volume called *Den-Fil* to read while crossing the Atlantic, because, handy though these twelve light little volumes are, the full dozen in a suitcase would be likely to cramp into too close quarters the necessary tooth-brush and pyjamas. I chose *Den-Fil* because it included *Dog*—and anyway, *Den-Fil* is as likely to contain useful knowledge for a sea-voyage as is any other volume. Except that it does not include *Death*. I noticed this because at *Euthanasia* I was told to *see Death*, which (feeling increasingly sea-sick at the time) I tried to do. But the stern limitation *Den-Fil* hemmed me in. So I shall never get at the truth of this mystery called Death.

I do not know who owns encyclopædias (encyclopædiæ ?); people who enjoy defining the limitations of human knowledge must revel in them, I suppose—for what are dates, comparisons and captions but so many admissions that we know almost nothing at all of the essence of the matter itself? Look at Edward the Confessor, for instance—imagine poor Edward buying the encyclopædia in order to see what impression he had made on the world. "So nothing is left of me—after all my trouble," he would say. "Nothing is left of this *me* feeling—this feeling of my heart fitting nonchalantly and comfortably into my flesh—this burning consciousness of importance—this tearing urge to be justified in my own eyes and in yours—this recurring hunger for food to soothe my dear stomach and for flattery to soothe my dear vanity. Of the lovely dreadful choking excitements of my life, you only remember the facts that affect *you*. They told me the soul was immortal. They were wrong. All of me is dead now—except the facts that I was my mother's son—my step-brother's step-brother—my England's king—my Church's pet. You—posterity—know me only as a dead man. But we're quits, really—we're equally dead. I may be dead to you, but you weren't born, to me. We're all dead—fit only for limbo—fit only for encyclopædiæ—books that recognise no *me* in dead or living men."

Of course Edward would be unfair here. Every one is unfair who makes the mistake of demanding that his very self shall survive in the words that trace the outer shape of his life. The feeling of being *me* is the most exciting feeling conceivable, I think, but it cannot be conveyed to any other *me*. *Me's* are all in air-tight compartments. Encyclopædiæ do not deal in *me's*—why should they? If they did, they would run to millions of volumes instead of twelve—and nobody would read them, at that. They are designed to interpret to us those facts of external life which affect the external *us*. *Diderot, Electricity, Dreadnought, Entomology, Dredging Machine*—all these names, I suppose, stand for things that may affect my outside life to a greater or less degree. The fact that there is a town in India called *Edwardesabad* touches me less nearly, I confess—indeed I should scarcely have believed it had anybody but Mr. Everyman told me so. But *Dog* is to me a most vital word; it catches my eye in any context. I read every word about *Dog*. "The Dog is digitigrade, fissiped, with slender legs." So far is this definition from giving me a word-picture of my own dear bull-dog—Remington Portable Benson—that I actually feel aggrieved that the encyclopædia fails to tell me *how many* slender legs the digitigrade fissiped possesses. True, two photographs that anybody less omniscient than Mr. Everyman would suppose to represent foxes, illustrate the account—but these make my dear thick-necked slobber-mouthed Remington P. seem more irrelevant than ever. Nevertheless after this Everyman warms to his work, and though it remains evident that he had no canine collaborator, he does not grudge words of approval in moderation. The canine *me*, of course, like Edward the Confessor's, is never hinted at, but this, as I pointed out before, is not to be expected. To the external *Dog*, as it affects the external lives of the readers of this book, Everyman is on the whole kind and even partial. Much more so than to the external *Dodo*, on the previous page—to which Everyman seems to feel a subtly expressed aversion. "As large as a turkey, of unwieldy build—wings useless for flight—bill, blackish in colour, forming at the end a horny hook—the aborted keel also indicated its flightless condition. *Didus ineptus*," concludes Everyman spitefully, and illustrates his remarks with a picture of the most unmistakable idiot that ever squawked or wore feathers. *Aborted keel* is a perfect description of the tail depicted—yet, there again, one doubts whether the Dodo, any more than Edward the Confessor or Remington P. Benson, would feel that its precious *me* was fairly represented—even within the limits of encyclopædic information.

The style of the illustrations of Everyman's Encyclopædia, by the way, brings me to my one criticism. (For to reproach the work because it ignores the *me* is no reproach—it is merely to emphasise its austerely encyclopædic quality.) The pictures seem to me surprisingly and unnecessarily old-world. I cannot understand why all books of reference should be illustrated in the manner of the 1870's. The portrait of the *Dodo*—an extinct bird—may be the more expressive for not being modernistie; the *Diplodocus*, I suppose, has the same excuse—though I think that a little more friskiness, a more lamb-like abandon, might have been suggested in the portrayal of the infant Diplodocus (youth being youth all the world over and in all ages), but the *Elephant*, *Ely Cathedral*, the *Dormouse*, *Drowning*, the *Dhow* and *Felis Domesticus Angoræ*, surely, are still with us, and could have been brought before us, I maintain, more vividly by the use of a more dashing twentieth-century style. I take it upon myself to swear that the Elephant has much more of a double chin, for instance, and the Angora cat much less, than these creatures as portrayed in this work. Where do men of facts get the artists whose work adorns their compilations? There must be thousands of hard-up young modernistic illustrators who would be only too glad to produce new sketches of the marvels of nature and science. In this one matter, however, perhaps it it is too much to ask that Everyman should be a pioneer—since his ideal is a truly attractive inexpensiveness of format, combined with conciseness and comprehensiveness of matter. What is an elephant's double chin, after all, compared with the intense suggestiveness of the fact (hitherto wholly unsuspected by me), that a female elephant invariably leads the herd, in the wild state? This information really does make a great difference to my life. As a feminist I shall quote it widely. Eager for more of these encouraging phenomena, I turned to *Eve*—and found—*see Adam*.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR

GERMANY

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My blood boiled. I cannot, of course, *see Adam*, being confined to *Den-Fil*—but as an ex-suffragette I don't *want* to *see Adam*. This is a very serious blot upon Mr. Everyman's otherwise worthy work. *See Adam*, indeed—Who had the apple idea, anyway? Whose find was the Tree of Knowledge? The Encyclopædia owes its very existence to Eve, who started the fashion of wanting to know things. *Eve—see Adam*, forsooth? *Adam—see Eve* would be no more than a gracious acknowledgment of the encyclopædia's debt to its first (potential) reader.

Everyman has a chance—in the pages of *Den-Fil*—to write about himself. His account of the conception and creation of his universal library, though full of a mild, manly self-respect, is not as excitingly introspective as—say—an analysis of Stella Benson by me would be, were a scientific committee to implore me to write one. The truth is, I conclude on putting down *Den-Fil*, that an encyclopædia does not seek to distinguish itself in the regions of wit, passion, psychological revelation, or originality. It is there to give cold information—chiefly on subjects that I have no wish to hear about; in other words, on all practical subjects. For those who wish to be so informed—for those who are likely to feel a sudden necessity to know who discovered the *Eustachian Tube*, and where; for those who find themselves enlightened on the subject of *Electricity* by 41 neat Figures representing (apparently) railway signals, pigs' tails, flights of stairs seen in profile, cartwheels, Marcel waves, etc.; for those who like to startle their fishing friends by calling a Pike an *Esox*; and for those who are reassured by being told authoritatively that *Mrs. Elizabeth Draper's* association with Laurence Sterne never went beyond sentimental flirtation—for those, in fact, who want to know for certain how little they know, and how little anyone else knows—this encyclopædia, in 12 volumes (among which, I can say confidently, *Den-Fil* is not the least racy) at a most modest price—should be invaluable. STELLA BENSON.

NEW NOVELS

The Saint and Mary Kate. By FRANK O'CONNOR. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The White Flame. By MAX RENE HESSE. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan. By T. WASHINGTON-METCALFE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The Heartless Traveller. By Lady PATRICIA RUSSELL. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

Dark Rosaleen. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Collins. 7s. 6d.

The Gentle Heart. By DOREEN WALLACE. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Lucky the novelist who is born an Irishman. The dialogue problem is solved when life turns itself spontaneously into literature while you wait and the people of a Cork tenement pray for the sick in this fashion:

> Now I beseech thee, sweet Sacred Heart of Jesus, don't let her give another screech because I swear to you if she do, me misfortunate head will fly off me. There's a pain inside it now you'd think 't was a mowing machine. Never again will you see me coming up ten minutes late, and standing outside the door and running away after the last gospel. And never again will I say a word against the Vincent de Pauls, not even that old jade of hell, Maggie Counihan, though she'd break the heart in a saint with her screwing and scrounging and scraping. . . .

It is lucky for the Irish novelist also that the English, being brought up on the Bible, should secretly love exotic phraseology, though themselves dull of speech; and that any fine words that come out of Ireland should captivate their ears if they make no deep impression on their minds. And in this last doubt lies the abysmal suspicion which we at times ungratefully feel about the Irish novelist; he has nothing to say but says it superbly. He can tell us better than anyone else what life looks like; he can catch all the animal glitter, sound and movement, the street or landscape lit up by active human eyes, but he can tell us nothing *about* life. "The whole world is in a state of chassis"; and far be it from him to suggest there is this or that kind of order in it. Leave that to the English.

This objectivity, as seen again in Mr. O'Connor's first novel, enables him to handle frail subjects with the mischievousness, tenderness, cunning and delicacy of a child—a child pulling the petals off a daisy or the legs off a spider. His theme is the virginal relationship of two slum children, a girl who is the illegitimate daughter of a light lady of the tenements and a youth who is haunted by religious mania as the result of the death of his mother, a wretchedly overworked charwoman. This is a story of the streets and stairways. In his handling of this most fragile theme, a thing as inconclusive as a street boy's whistle, there is an artfulness, a practical humour such as one finds in a mystical writer like AE. Mr. O'Connor is alive to the comedy of the light lady's continual scandals, to the pathos of the charwoman's death, to the odd, robust innocence of the girl's hunger for affection, and is sardonic without even being derisive about the terrors of the religion-haunted boy and the fanatical scallywag who plies him with devout literature. Mr. O'Connor winds all round and in and out of his people without hurting them, almost without touching them. For this quality virginal is the only word—he can write of a brothel merely as if it were a place where people laugh—and perhaps that is coming to the deeper criticism that we make of the Irish writers. The book has several faults. It is rather too loose, fluid and haphazard. The vividly described journey which the boy and girl make on foot from Dublin to Cork gives a dissatisfying twist to the narrative. It is a short story, excellent of its kind, breaking out disconcertingly like a startled wild bird. His two fantastic characters, a garrulous Protestant lady and an old cabinet maker, are flat and unconvincing surfaces—Mr. O'Connor simply does not know anything about "advanced" Protestant ladies—and the supposed father of the girl, to whom she goes in Dublin, is another blank. The whole book gives one the impression that Mr. O'Connor did not know quite what to do with it and knew how to do it well.

It is fitting to move from Ireland to Aldershot. One would like to know what effect Herr Hesse's story of present-day military life in Germany would have upon this heroic neighbourhood. For it is not a book for the wives of "white men"; the love of pure women is deprecated. Yet might there not be some solace, some occasion for rabid and muttered applause in a novel which elaborately plans the next European War, Germany's war of liberation, and puts the plan in all its detail of maps, plays or calculation in the mouths of a brilliant young ensign and his senior officer who loves him? The small German aristocratic and regimental circle were unable to believe that the war-game and the scandal were not one and the same thing. The author who writes without turgidity, embarrassment or affectation, about the love between the two men, admirably suppresses his importance in portraying the scandal-mongers though not without running the common danger of revering a cult. His real subject is ideal ambition, and on this in his terse, economical fashion he is effective. The narrative is as jerky as a series of ceremonial heel-clicks. He expects one to read an intense symbolic meaning into the aborted words, gestures, ceremonies and looks of his people. This is hard work, but the book in its stiff way has an atmosphere.

In *The Life and Adventures of Aloysius O'Callaghan*, women play no part at all worth mentioning. The book is prolific in the adventures of a young Irish orphan going to sea, facing shipwreck, a cannibal cook in an open boat, savage horrors on a desert island, and travelling after his rescue with an itinerant circus of human curiosities, concluding with revolutionary adventures in South America. This is almost a boy's book (has the Book Society been successfully circularising the public schools?) and it keeps up an astonishing pace of exciting adventure. The boy, for whom one quickly has an affection, is unfortunately overshadowed in the relation of the story by his later self, since become a garrulous millionaire. Mr. Metcalfe has an exaggerated respect for this gentleman's narrative powers. He breaks into the narrative in the first person and ruins the illusion, and the author's apologia in the preface does nothing to put the business right. The elder O'Callaghan talks, and the author puts in the high lights and the scenery, in the manner of another Aloysius but less successfully. Indeed, Mr. Metcalfe has been gathering inspiration in various quarters, from Defoe in particular, but he is a long, long way off from this master except, perhaps, in an extraordinary scene which describes the young Aloysius flying from the circus with the bearded lady. That is good. The rest leaves little impression, and there are some maddening references to characters and adventures in an earlier book—Mr. Metcalfe piling everything on to keep up the breathlessness, borrowing indeed from his own books.

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has copied her character's literary purpose. We do not meet Linda face to face for any length of time till well on in the book, for she is seen through the minds, imaginations, railway journeys and alcoholic fogs of three men: her second husband, a beetle-hunting Dutchman, and a romantic young man who is always rushing in and out of the Paris embassy. For years he has longed to meet her, but she decides that Mexico is better than his love. She had already "done" Africa when in a previous difficulty. *The Edwardians*, I fancy, has some responsibility for this book. The author would be much more readable if she did not sit in the minds of her characters, typing her own thoughts into them. The result is that two creatures are never thinking the story or study forward.

Miss Marjorie Bowen's period pieces have their dignity, their well-polished silver, their spotless napery, their polite intrigue, and their well-bred faces.

> He was a tall, fine-looking man of uncommon handsomeness, of a cold, sensitive, haughty deportment which was not the result of pride, ambition, or conceit, but the shield used by a fine nature to cover exquisite sensibilities and ardent passions.

Excellent gentleman, but all that is nothing to the rest of them. The affair of the United Irishman, Castlereagh and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was one of those dirty pieces of politics which necessity forces upon the finest profiles, and Miss Bowen extracts the perfectly behaved tragedy from it very competently. To pretend that *Dark Rosaleen* is exciting is impossible: we know from our history books how the story ended, and it is this, of course, which drives our historical novelists to the various schools of interior decoration and deportment.

The story of *The Gentle Heart* held me to the end in spite of several very bad patches. Miss Wallace knows all about suspense. Jessamy is a pretty, pert, kind-hearted housemaid, believing all she has read in novelettes, but deciding shrewdly to marry and settle down. Without difficulty she catches a gamekeeper, finds it dull being married to the law, and consoles herself very prettily with a handsome poacher, who subsequently murders her husband—but to continue is to make the story sound like one of Jessamy's own novelettes. It is far from being that. Jessamy is a most delightful and original creation for all her simple ways and soft-heartedness. Melodrama leaves her unsinged. She is romantic enough to fall in love with the poacher. She is quite undisturbed by the thought of passing his child off as her husband's, and she is clear-headed enough to abandon the poacher when she has got what she wants from him. She even decided to marry her husband's murderer for the sake of the peace of the neighbourhood—and that shows that, in spite of her gentle heart, she had a head on her. To draw the character of such an earnest young country girl sympathetically without boring the reader or exposing her to ridicule is a very tricky task, but for half of the book, at least, Miss Wallace has succeeded with real perception and resourcefulness. Characters in fiction are commonly too well and simply organised. They have their two or three characteristics, their two or three mechanical gestures; but Jessamy is a living person because she is many-sided without ever becoming more than the very probable country girl. The trouble is she is not strong enough to sustain the book. She is too small a quarry for the fates. Seeing this, Miss Wallace begins to condescend; a country gentleman and his domestic worries are introduced to add stiffening to the narrative, and stiffen it they most unfortunately do. Jessamy herself loses her happy eye for the main chance, and goes soft. Will she marry the poacher in the end? You skip the dreary pages when the Suffolk pastorale has faded, anxiously. We could bear it even if she married the squire, so much do we want to see our Jessamy settled.

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Economics of the Industrial System. By H. A. SILVERMAN. Pitman. 7s. 6d.

The Structure of Competitive Industry. By E. A. G. ROBINSON. Nisbet and Cambridge University Press. 5s.

These three books, taken together, illustrate admirably the present condition of economic thought. Two of them, Mr. Silverman's and Mr. Robinson's, are competent, orthodox statements of the actual structure and working of the present economic system, with scarcely a hint from beginning to end that this system rests on assumptions which can be seriously questioned by reasonable persons from an economic point of view. The third, Mr. Henderson's, is a direct and challenging onslaught on the very basis of the present economic order. The two orthodox volumes are written by professional economists, with more than a touch of the complacent tranquillity of the classroom; the unorthodox appears, on internal evidence, to be by an amateur economist who is also a practical business man, and its author is by no means tranquil or complacent, but obviously very much aghast at the absurdities of the system as he sees them from the standpoint of an expert in productive technique.

For Mr. Henderson's thesis is that the present economic system has been rendered obsolete and unworkable by the world's advance in productive power, and by the changed technique of modern production. He sees the prevalence of unemployment in the modern world as the inevitable consequence of a huge development in the power to produce, shackled by a method of distribution which causes actual production to remain far in arrear of productive capacity. In Mr. Robinson's view, unemployment is the temporary result of the slow adaptation of industry to changing needs, or of a mysterious plague known as the "trade cycle." Mr. Silverman is more troubled in his mind by the possibility that increased industrial efficiency, and rationalisation in particular, may cause permanent unemployment; but he hedges and does not follow up the point to any clear conclusion. It is left for the amateur to state in round terms that, unless the world alters its methods of distributing incomes, unemployment is bound to increase with the advance in productive power.

Mr. Henderson's treatment of this thesis is cogent. He points out that the coming of the power system has released the world from its dependence for production mainly on the physical strength of human labour. The labourer becomes in modern industry a machine-minder, needing strength only to press buttons or pull levers, and intelligence and attention enough to pull them right. As technique advances, more and more power can be set in motion by a single worker, and the human element comes to play a smaller and smaller part in production. This

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must result in unemployment on an increasing scale unless the markets for goods expand fast enough to re-absorb the displaced workers. But as more and more countries become industrialised the process by which, in the nineteenth century, the advanced countries dumped their surplus goods on the rest of the world becomes unworkable, and each country is left with a surplus of productive capacity that it cannot use.

At this point, unhappily, Mr. Henderson plunges into a quite untenable theory of the reasons why the surplus exists, echoing Major Douglas's contention that there is a permanent deficiency of purchasing power. Rightly, he urges that a planned Socialist economic system would not need to fear unemployment in its present most serious form, because it would be able to control production and distribution alike, and to bring them into a right relation based on the full use of the real productive resources available. But he then falls headlong into the fallacy that the prices charged for goods under the capitalist system exceed the sums available for buying them, whereas the truth is that the maldistribution of incomes limits the demand for consumers' goods, and so destroys the value and usability of capital invested in industry with a view to the expansion of output, and cancels and wipes out savings and creates unemployment by this means. Mr. Henderson is probably right in his essential contention; but unfortunately he states it wrongly, and so spoils the effect of his wholly admirable exposure of the failure of capitalism to use the vast productive resources which lie ready to its hand.

Mr. Henderson is groping after the vital truth of which every economist who is alive to the world's present troubles ought to be in search. Mr. Silverman is worried, but seeks refuge in describing things as they are, with only an occasional wail because they are not better, Mr. Robinson is far worse, because he appears to have no perception at all that anything is radically wrong. He writes acutely about the means of increasing productivity and improving efficiency, without recognising that, the more the world as a whole does this, the more unemployment it is likely to have, because it persists in competing to lower "costs," and "costs" are to the vast mass of the consumers also the means of life. It would perhaps profit Mr. Henderson to read some more orthodox economics; but it should certainly do Mr. Robinson a great deal of good to read Mr. Henderson.

INDIAN DAYS

Hindoo Holiday: an Indian Journal. By J. R. ACKERLEY. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

Most of us try not to think of India or Indians at all if we can help it, for the subject is disagreeable. Indeed, it is not surprising that Englishmen and Hindus should dislike each other, for there is everything in the world to keep them apart. Our values, our habits, our ways of life are as different as can be. We regard cow-dung and urine as filthy; the Hindu swallows them and strains at the filthiness of using the same spoon to slide lumps of ice into different glasses which have already been drunk from by the different members of the company.

If we cannot eat or drink or play with people, most of us cannot be bothered with them—hate them, are coarse, rude and brutal, and then, crowning disgrace of all, hysterically frightened of them when they turn nasty. So most Englishmen genuinely dislike Indians and avoid them if possible.

That this need not be so is shown often enough when some Hindu who is good at games is adopted as a sort of mascot by the most hearty conventional English undergraduates. They seem to feel that lavishing their affection on the Exception will help them to prove the Rule.

There are indeed some peculiarly Hindu qualities which are extremely attractive, chief of which, I think, is infectious high spirits. Indian young men are always laughing. With their arms round one another's shoulders, they gurgle and bubble and explode, and one begins to bubble oneself and falls into the same habit of affectionate teasing, gentle ragging, gay pullings of the leg. To get on to such terms with Indians in India is harder, but Mr. Ackerley achieved it without difficulty in a small Indian State, and gives us a most fascinating journal of the months he passed there as private secretary to the Maharajah. *Hindoo Holiday* is lightly and most admirably written. It is exquisitely entertaining, there is not a dull passage, but these virtues are, as it were, only the loose draperies about the statue which do not hide the perfection of the proportions beneath. Indeed it is difficult to express one's delight sufficiently, and one

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can only hope that success will tempt the author, a very shy bearer, to put forth flowers and fruit more profusely in the future.

The chief characters in the book are the Maharajah himself, the Dewan, his Prime Minister, and Mr. Ackerley's really terrible teacher with his question: "Do I not bore upon your time?" Abdul, whom his pupil grew to hate the sight of, if not the finest is certainly the completest figure in the book. In the few pages in which he appears we learn everything about this intolerable man: his character, his appearance, his humourless stupidity, all are given us so exactly that we know how he would behave in all possible circumstances. He could never surprise us, whereas the Maharajah does nothing else. He had been showing his jewellery and robes to an English lady and her husband.

> . . . when they had finished examining and ejaculating, His Highness, who had been looking on in silence, waved the things away with a slight movement of his hand. "I do not like them," he said, gently. "I like *people*."

It was true. With those words he had revealed his most salient trait which gives him so much of his charm. One may suspect that his feelings for people were much of the same nature as the English lady's feeling for clothes, but he did like people, which is rather a rare quality, and he wanted to be loved in return. His standard was sometimes rather exacting.

> The sun was setting in front of us in a blaze of pink and golden light. His Highness waved a regretful hand towards it.
> "I want a friend like that," he said.

In this imperfect world he was fortunate in finding Mr. Ackerley. With him he could talk freely and intimately as they drove about the State in the Sunbeam car (selected for the poetical associations of its name) in the hopes of seeing a mongoose on the right-hand side of the road—a very lucky omen.

> "Is there an absolute? Is there a future life?"

Such questions were showered on his English friend, while the Maharajah kept a sharp look-out for a mongoose and threw himself back in horror to avoid seeing a jackal—a bad omen.

> "Am I very silly?" he asked, with pathetic charm.
> "I should like to see a mongoose myself," I replied.

Later excursions were devoted to having a look at beautiful boys—they were invariably disappointing—possible recruits for the Maharajah's private theatrical company of "Gods," which acted the traditional dramas of the gods. Some of the most interesting pages of the book are the vivid and detailed accounts of such performances.

His Highness wanted to be like a Roman Emperor, he wanted a visiting English architect to build him a "Parthenon" where he could recline in a toga, but he wanted it all with such a bird-like charm that one can hardly bear him to be disappointed.

> Sharma (the Maharajah's valet) has been very naughty. The Maharajah gave him a small gift of ten rupees last night, and since this was received in silence, asked:
> "Are you not pleased?"
> "No," said Sharma, sullenly. "It spoils me."
> "Then why do you not give it back?"
> "I do. Here—take it!"
> "Very well—since presents spoil you, why do you not give back all the other things I have given you—the money—clothes—ornaments?"
> "I do. I give them all back. I will bring them now."
> ". . . He is a very bad boy," concluded the King, morosely, when he had recounted this deplorable incident.

Yes, the charm of the Maharajah grows on one. In spite of his hideousness, his bridgeless nose, his stiff and rickety limbs, he is not a pathetic figure. He is repulsive, old, diseased; his desires are childish and absurd, yet his intellectual honesty commands our respect and his interest in life inspires us with affection.

One evening he shows Mr. Ackerley a private letter which he has got hold of from a very highly placed Government official to a private friend, in which he is described as:

> A weak man, a bad ruler, having no real interest in the affairs of the State, wasteful . . . generous to a fault . . . a loyal friend. He is a very ugly man.
> "What do you think of it, Maharajah Sahib?"
> "It is the truth," he said, with finality. "I like it very much."

In which case he will, let us hope, like ***Hindoo Holiday*** very much also. And whether it is the truth or not in every detail, it is a portrait which could only have been drawn by someone who did love as well as laugh at him.

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Most of the book reveals murder as the sudden outburst of an abnormal individual, but the story of Williamson County and another chapter on Chicago contradicts the theory, based on recent experience in Northern Europe, that murder is a psychological perversion. It seems that with a good chance of immunity a large proportion of ordinary persons are ready to kill for profit. Murder, robbery and blackmail are now prosperous professions, well and regularly paid, in America. There may even be overcrowding. Soon gangsters will demand Trade Union rates and join the Rotary Clubs.

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PLAIN READING OF JOYCE

James Joyce and the Plain Reader. By CHARLES DUFF. With a prefatory letter by HERBERT READ. Desmond Harmsworth. 2s.

Mr. Duff's essay has the merit of being at times a plain reading of Joyce. Not always, unfortunately. He has read, for example, Wyndham Lewis's comparison of Bloom's stream-of-thought with Mr. Jingle's conversation, and seriously comments that "Dickens also used the 'silent monologue' in *Pickwick*." But Mr. Jingle was not silent: he was a very vocal, abrupt buffoon. Further (in another passage) "Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Dickens are, in a sense, the more important forerunners of Joyce in the use of the 'silent monologue.'" In what sense? Mr. Duff presumably uses these names as sounding-boards to impress and hearten the reader; but since his object is to bring Joyce and the plain reader nearer to one another—a difficult enough feat in any case—he should have avoided sly tricks. His genuine enthusiasm and good sense are, however, often helpful. He gives an excellent sketch of Joyce's work and literary character, and rightly dismisses the Homeric structure of *Ulysses* as an artistic irrelevance.

The gap between Joyce's intention and achievement has never been properly pointed out by critics. In *Ulysses* the Homeric structure, the *leitmotiv* of Bloom-without-a-son and Stephen-without-a-father, the expression of embryonic growth by means of an historical patchwork of styles, all of which were no doubt important to Joyce in writing the book, are in their general effect negligible. Joyce has reversed the usual process of an artist, which is to start at close-quarters to experience and distance it in the act of creation: he begins at a distance—the Odyssey, the abstract idea of birth—and ends up eye-to-eye with every word on the page. Bloom's occasional tear for Poldy and meeting with Stephen, which are meant to impress, pass almost unnoticed. But the detail of *Ulysses* is inexhaustible; so many marvellous new effects of prose have never been brought into a book before.

This is all rather remote from the plain reader, whom Mr. Duff addresses so amiably. Where is one to find common ground? Perhaps in the solidity of Bloom (Stephen is a shadow), in the redolent earthiness of countless pages, in the smacking town humour. A good introduction to *Ulysses* might be *Bouvard et Pecuchet*, *The Unfortunate Traveller*, Binstead and *Dead Souls*. Joyce is not as solemn as some of his critics. Mr. Duff is refreshingly cheerful. He confesses that he found himself laughing over passages in *Anne Livia* without being able to discover exactly why, and ends by suggesting that *Work in Progress* may be "a superb piece of nonsense-prose . . . flung at the heads of critics, a breed very heartily detested by Joyce." He offers this explanation because it is the simplest and because "so far as I am aware, it has not occurred to anyone else to mention it." Admirable! If anyone can persuade the public to read Joyce, it is Mr. Duff.

SHORTER NOTICES

Great Yorkshiremen. By G. C. HESELTINE. Longmans. 16s.

Yorkshire makes a good showing in Mr. Heseltine's crisp biographies of the worthies he has selected. Captain Cook is a tower of strength as representing the sea. Marvell stands for poetry; and for plots we have Guy Fawkes, who, in Mr. Heseltine's regard, ranks as a very gallant gentleman. Fairfax is the soldier, Bentley the scholar, Priestley the man of science, and Wycliffe the reformer. Wycliffe just manages to squeeze into the company, for, on the whole, Mr. Heseltine does not really like him. Two of the pleasantest of the biographies are devoted to blind Jack Metcalf, and to Yorkshire's famous centenarian, Henry Jenkins, who claimed to be a hundred and fifty or sixty years old, and once swore to a right-of-way of 115 years. Wilberforce the philanthropist, Richard Rolle and Cardinal Fisher are also of the company. Having read the biographies, forthright and concise as they are, one suspects that perhaps Mr. Heseltine himself is a Yorkshireman.

The Municipal Year Book, 1932. Edited by EDWIN C. FAIRCHILD. With a preface by the RT. HON. SIR E. HILTON YOUNG, M.P. The Municipal Journal, Ltd. 19s. 6d.

This hardy annual keeps up its high standard. The new volume, which is just out, contains nearly 1,300 pages of facts and statistics, relating to local government in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. It includes, besides the detailed accounts of the thousands of local authorities, useful summaries of local government affairs in 1931 and of legislation affecting local government in the last session of Parliament; a bibliography, and a number of special sections devoted to special questions, such as education, transport, electricity, public assistance. It is an invaluable reference book for the administrator, the journalist, and the student.

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About Motoring

SLUDGE

THE other day an enthusiastic amateur dismantled his engine in preparation for the 1932 season, and was astonished to find that many of the bright metal components inside the power unit were appreciably coated with rust. There was plenty of green oil lying in the base of the sump and smeared over all the usual surfaces; he had previously supposed that oil and rust were mutually exclusive, and that no bright metal could possibly rust so long as it remained oily. Failing to discover any leakages from the water jacket, he was hardly less puzzled to account for the existence of water inside the crank case; and was inclined to speculate that the rust was not ordinary water-rust at all, but was produced by some chemical impurity in the lubricating oil, or conceivably in the fuel. Similar conditions exist inside many engines; they can develop in a brand-new engine within a month or two of its leaving the factory; they are mainly due to ignorant maintenance by owners; they produce excessively rapid wear; and are very simply eliminated. It is the purpose of these notes to place owners on their guard against the blunders which produce such disastrous symptoms.

In the first place, such rust is ordinary common water-rust; and there is no mystery whatever about the entry of the water. Whenever a modern car is started up from cold in an ordinary spring or winter temperature, the exhaust will show the characteristic white vapour of steam for a minute or longer, but will become invisible as the silencer, exhaust pipe and engine rise in temperature. The invisibility of the exhaust does not mean that it no longer contains steam; exhaust gas always contains some 30 per cent. of water vapour, even if the most expensive and purest fuels are used; but at full heat the water vapour is not visible. The bulk of this water vapour passes out through the exhaust system, but a percentage reaches the crank case past the piston rings. Few modern pistons are close fits in the cylinder when the engine is cold, and whilst a cold engine is warming up an

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appreciable supply of exhaust gas normally penetrates into the engine base, where the steam is condensed into water. This supply of water will be supplemented if there is any internal leakage in the cooling system. This is phase No. 1 of the rusting process, and accounts for the ingress of the water.

The second mystery is the failure of the ever-present oil films to protect the bright metal components—ball bearings and the like—from becoming rusted by the water. The answer is that when rusting occurs, the oil is no longer oil from a lubricating point of view. If oil and water are churned together in suitable quantities for a sufficient period and with sufficient violence, an "emulsion" is formed; and the lubricating value of this emulsion is negligible. It follows that if there is a substantial feed of water into a crank case, and this water is churned by the oil pump with the oil for a number of hours, the greenish contents of the sump may be practically devoid of lubricating value. So long as the engine is not very heavily stressed, the emulsion or "sludge" may suffice to prevent a piston or crankshaft from seizing, and may keep the general engine temperature within bounds. But it will not protect internal chains from rust, and its lubricating deficiencies will result in rapid wear of all the under-lubricated components.

It is, of course, for this reason that manufacturers issue such emphatic instructions about engine lubrication. These instructions normally fall under three heads:—

i. quality of oil.
ii. level of oil.
iii. periodic draining of sump.

The taxed and impoverished motorist scans these instructions with a cynical eye, and imagines some unholy alliance between the Standard Oil Company and the maker of his car. The dipper stick shows that after 2,000 miles his sump is still three-quarters full of oil which looks fairly clean and quite green. This oil costs him 5s. a gallon or thereabouts; the sump requires two gallons; to drain the sump is a backaching and messy business. So he does nothing. Very possibly some cheapjack advertisement of an unknown oil priced at 1s. 6d. per gallon less than the recommended oil catches his eye. He sends for a drum.

The makers specify three or four brands of oil, because these oils will not form an emulsion if the lubricating instructions are implicitly obeyed. The makers specify a certain oil level, because the formation of sludge is less probable and less extensive if a very little water is churned up with a great deal of oil. The makers implore users to drain the sump completely every 1,000 miles in order that it may be cleansed from water and emulsion, and so give the new oil a chance to lubricate the engine properly for 1,000 miles. If an undrained sump is periodically replenished with fresh oil over a distance of 2,000 or more miles, the fresh oil never has a chance. It is contaminated from the outset by stale oil, by water, and by sludge. The instruction to drain the crank case after the first 500 miles, again after the second 500 miles, and for the future every 1,000 miles represents genuine economy. In the best practice it is not only drained at these intervals, but rinsed or "flushed" out with special fuels sold for the purpose, such as Chemico flushing oil. I have owned many cars on which the dipper stick would register no perceptible wastage of oil after 2,000 miles; but it is false economy to ignore the suggested rule. The sump should be kept filled to the proper level for 1,000 miles, and should then be drained, flushed, and refilled. The old oil should in every case be discarded; it is dangerous to use it again. The complete cleansing of the sump is best performed when the engine is warm; cold oil drains out very slowly, and when it ceases to drip from the drain plug orifice, a green smear will certainly remain on all internal parts. When a warm engine has been thoroughly drained and flushed, it should not be run again until the new supply of oil has been distributed throughout the engine, e.g., by removing the sparking plugs and revolving the starting handle for a minute or two.

Contamination of the oil by water reaches its height while the engine is below working temperature, and the formation of sludge is most rapid on cars which are used for short runs. The oil should be changed most often on cars which frequently cool off during stoppages, e.g., doctors' cars. Sludge formation may be extremely rapid if there is a leak between the sump and the cooling system. If the radiator often needs topping up, the owner should ascertain whether the wastage is due to boiling, internal leaks, or external leaks. If the wastage is due to internal leaks, the leaks should be traced and stopped immediately.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 4.—MURDER OF DR. ZBYSCO.

Dr. Zbysco left Addleville by the night train to town, departing from Addleville at 10.40 p.m. The train reached Botherham at 11.8 p.m., left at 11.10 p.m., and arrived punctually at Clutter at 11.29 p.m. It left Clutter at 11.34 p.m., and reached Didham at 12.14 a.m. next morning.

Dr. Zbysco presented his ticket for inspection halfway between Addleville and Botherham. When the train arrived at Didham Dr. Zbysco was found stabbed in an otherwise empty compartment. There was no trace of a struggle.

It can be taken for granted that the murderer was Pocombe, Borer, or Pusch.

Pocombe entered the train at Addleville. He occupied a compartment with eight other travellers, all of whom swear he never left it until the train was about to stop at Clutter. He then went out "to buy papers."

Borer lives at Eazle, some thirty miles from Botherham. He booked for Didham at Botherham station at 11.8 p.m., but stopped so long in the booking-office, chatting to the booking clerk, that he failed to catch the train. He can prove that he at once drove to Clutter in his car, and must have boarded the train there; as he certainly alighted from it at Didham.

Pusch lives at Didham. He booked for Botherham at Didham station at 10.13 p.m. His train reached Clutter at 10.52 p.m. and left at 10.56 p.m., and the guard and collector are prepared to swear that he still was on the train. It reached Botherham at 11.15 p.m.

Dr. Zbysco when found had been dead for "at least an hour." For this we have the evidence of the police surgeon and another quite reliable doctor.

In what circumstances, and by whom, was Dr. Zbysco murdered?

PROBLEM 2.

THE RURITANIAN CABINET.

The second problem has deflated the number of successful entrants. The answer—Nineteen—can be arrived at empirically more easily than in any other way.

(1) Every possible majority is achieved on one occasion, and on one only. Hence the total of the minority votes cast, where n is the number of members in the cabinet, is $\Sigma\frac{n-1}{2}$ if n is odd, and $\Sigma\frac{n-2}{2}$ if n is even.

Thus if n is 9, the number of ministers is 10; and so on.

(2) We know that the minority votes cast $= n + 26$; for the total number of minority votes is $n-1$ (the Prime Minister never votes with the minority) *plus* 27 extra votes.

Whence $n = 19$.

A number of solvers have tackled the problem algebraically. There are various lines of approach, which I have not space to set out.

Correct solutions from—

Dr. L. C. Adam, J. Ainslie, Arlyn, M. S. Amos, Agitat.
H. N. Briggs, M. Besly, D. Barber, Blind Mole, J. Bourne, G. L. Butler, R. Brewster, J. H. Bell, A. L. Bulley, Dr. C. O. S. B. Brooke, V. Butler.
D. M. Cheke, J. B. Channon, A. Classe, H. L. Cox, A. Crokingburn, Cooper, R. M. Crosskey, Crooked Dean, A. S. Collard, L. C. Clarke, P. R. Couch, G. B. Courtier, E. Cohen, Christopher, T. W. Chaundy.
Rev. C. Dinwoodie, Didymus, C. M. Douglas, V.J.D.
Euclidean,
E. C. Fieller, P.M.F., Major Fletcher, F. J. Forty, T. Faint.
G. Goodall, F. B. Gibbins, E. C. I. Garner, Verdant Green, Nancy Garner.
W. P. Hudson, Dr. F. Heinig, N. Hartley, L. A. Harvey, E. L. Hudson.
G. H. Ince, Initio.
A.J., F. L. Jones.
A.K., P.K.
W. A. Lynch, A. C. Lynch.
R. M. G. MacDonald, H. Mayes, H. Moore, C. M. Morrison, W.B.M., K. H. Millward.
J. P. McEvoy, F.S.M., F. Morrell, G. P. Meredith, Mercutio, Macbeth, F. E. Maitland, L. R. M.
W. B. Owen, W. Oldham.
K. Povey, C. M. Perry, J. Procter, Mrs. Ponsonby, J. Poole, J. L. Priston, W. Pearson, S. C. Potter.
P. M. Rose, Rigel, Racketeer, M. Rose, L. R., J. Ross, Remaur, L. G. Roussin, G. G. Robb, Roscoe.
S.T.S., F. P. Streeten, Silex, F. L. Snow, D. G. Sopwith, L. M. Sandison, W. A. Sledge, Sciss, G. Sharp, Sycorax, P. Seney, A. J. Starr, Science.
Thoriger, W. S. Tracey, Mrs. W. G. Thomlinson, H. G. Taylor, J. Tutin, J. Todd.
Henry Vine, H. Vallance.
G. Wellard, B. Willis, W. A. Whitehouse, G. F. Williams, Vic Waldron, C. H. Waddington, C. H. M. Wilcox, S.W.
Zylo.

Slocombe's Bank. Additional solution: Roscoe.

Competitors for the Quarterly Prize are reminded that solutions (on foolscap, and with names and addresses clearly shown) must reach this office, addressed to *Caliban*, not later than midday on the following Thursday. Consideration, however, will be given to competitors residing abroad; every effort will be made to enable them to participate.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

WHAT THE BUDGET DOES FOR THE GILT-EDGED MARKET—THE FUTURE OF FOREIGN LENDING—FOREIGN BONDHOLDERS' REPORT

THE Stock Exchange had given up hope of seeing 6d. off the income tax in the last few weeks, so that this grim Budget had practically no effect upon the gilt-edged market. I expect it will be only a few hours before British Government funds renew their steady advance. The rentier classes will be quick to appreciate that, even if they have had no relief from the burdens of direct taxation, they can "make good" by securing a capital profit on their gilt-edged investments. Trade is oppressed, the wage-earning classes are oppressed—the beer drinkers may take a morbid satisfaction from the tax on tea—the middle classes are oppressed, but this Budget is going to give the big capitalist a wonderful run for his money in the gilt-edged market. Mr. Neville Chamberlain must hold the same opinion as I do, because he said nothing about a conversion scheme for 5 per cent. War Loan in his Budget speech, being convinced that the market will rise and enable him to convert at a much cheaper rate later on. Who would deny the possibility of converting 5 per cent. War Loan on to a 3½ per cent. basis in the next twelve months? With practically every Government in the civilised world intent on reducing trade to a minimum by means of tariffs, exchange restrictions, and oppressive taxation, money in London will become almost unusable. The foreign speculator may be frightened off by the Chancellor's supplementary fund of £150,000,000 for exchange stabilisation, but the foreign investor will be encouraged to keep his funds in London because the exchange will tend to become more stable and Great Britain the safe-deposit of the world.

* * *

When the gilt-edged market arrives at a 4 per cent. yield basis, several interesting forces will be called into play. There will be a drag upon 4 per cent. Consols, because it is redeemable at par in 1957. Moreover, the fixed sinking fund of £10,000,000 attached to this stock ceases to operate after April, 1937. There will also be a drag upon 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan above 90, because the sinking fund of 1 per cent. per half year only operates when the stock is below 90. Further, above 100, 4 per cent. Victory Bonds lose their attraction to investors as a holding for payment of death duties. And under the sinking fund provisions they are liable to be drawn at par. On the other hand, 4 per cent. Funding 1960–90 is redeemable by means of a ½ per cent. per annum cumulative sinking fund, which can be applied only in purchases in the market (when the price is above par the sinking fund may be invested under the control of the Treasury). This leaves a clearer field to 4 per cent. Funding, while the wide open spaces of an advance are offered to unredeemable 2½ per cent. Consols and Local Loans 3 per cent. The market prices at the close of business on Wednesday, together with the yields returnable and the prices at which a 4 per cent. yield would be returnable, are shown in the following table.

	Price Apl. 20th	Redemption Yield %.	Price at which stock would return a yield of 4%.
Consols, 2½%	60⅜	4.3.5	62½
Consols, 4%	94 7/32	4.5.5	100
Conversion, 3½%	84½	4.3.0	87½
Funding, 4%	96¾	4.3.7	100
Victory, 4%	98¼	4.2.9	100
Local Loans, 3%	70 7/16	4.6.1	75

* * *

Beyond the pale of gilt-edged securities markets continue to be reactionary under the influence of a diminishing volume of world trade, the liquidation of Kreuger and Toll "positions," and the fear of foreign bond defaults. It is time that we recognised that large public issues of foreign Government loans have been made impossible for many years to come. This is not so much the consequence of the Kreuger deception, although I have no doubt that in future every doubtful foreign loan will be known in the market as Kreugeresque, as the inevitable result of the present epoch of defaults. The slump in commodity prices is exposing every weak link in the chain of international lending. At a higher price level the debtor countries might have been able to "get away" with the unwise borrowings of their murky financial past. To-day it is impossible. A great part of the foreign lending in which the issuing houses of New York and London indulged in the past decade must be written off as lost. America, inexperienced as a creditor-power and flush with new money, made some apalling blunders in her overseas loans since the war, and Great Britain, in the fierce competition which existed for financial commissions, was in no mood to put a stop to this squandermania. Sir Arthur Salter, in his *Recovery*, gives some glaring examples of the "reckless, extravagant and wasteful" lending and borrowing of the period 1924–28. Brazil, he declares, borrowed since the war $800 millions on long-term, including $15 millions in 1924 for bodily removing a hill in Rio, $25 millions in 1922 for electrifying the Central Railway of Brazil, which has not been electrified, and $20 millions or more for a Rio Claro water supply scheme which has to all intents and purposes been abandoned in favour of another scheme. The investor may well ask whether Brazil will ever again pay interest on money which has never been productive. Between 1924 and 1928 Colombia borrowed $153 millions, a large part of which was spent on constructing a railway to connect two valleys separated by a range of mountains about 9,000ft. high. "There was no justification for it," writes Sir Arthur Salter, "since both valleys had their own outlet to the sea. A very expensive tunnel through the top of the mountain range was begun and then abandoned; and while the Federal authorities were driving the tunnel the local authorities were making a costly road over them." It says much for the virility of Colombia that the Federal Government is still paying its external interest, although its loans are standing at default levels in New York. Sir Arthur Salter challenges a denial of the assertion that, with the exception of those of the League of Nations and the Central Banks, the bulk of the foreign loans issued in 1926–28 to public authorities in debtor countries "would better not have been made." I do not deny the last part, but I would not except the League and Central Banks' loans, which were issued to stabilise currencies on an impossible gold basis.

* * *

At any rate the "good" League of Nations loans are now likely to share the same fate as the "bad" ones from New York. In the report of the 45th Session of the League's Financial Committee the cause of the present inability of Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece to obtain the foreign exchange necessary to meet in full their external obligations is ascribed to "the collapse of world prices which has resulted in a 70 per cent. increase since 1928 in the burden of fixed charges." The Financial Committee of the League is alarmed "at the extreme gravity of a rupture of contractual obligations," but the collapse in world prices has ruptured the basis of every long-term money contract. It is really somewhat discouraging to find the Council of Foreign Bondholders in their 58th Annual Report (issued this week) taking as narrow a view of these Government defaults as a fussy policeman would take of a technical motoring offence. It is quite true that the Council is bound to act the policeman in the interests of the bondholders and to bring malingering or begging Governments to "court" if they seek to evade their obligations. But the whole world is involved in a debt crisis, and one would expect the Council of Foreign Bondholders to take broad views and express some opinion, for example, as to which line of action the bondholders should take—the acceptance of moratoria with funding-of-interest schemes, or the scaling down of money debts in accordance with the fall in commodity prices. If the Council were to get into touch with the Bondholders' Committees in America and the Financial Committee of the League of Nations they might initiate some action which would contribute to the relief of the world financial crisis.

* * *

Nor is the *tu quoque!* of the Council of Foreign Bondholders to the "last red cent" school of American Congressmen quite the right sort of approach to the problem of reparations and war debts. It is true that many American Senators have made fools of themselves, and in describing the Hoover moratorium as "financial buccaneering" one Mississippi Senator certainly asked to be reminded of the repudiation by the State of Mississippi of its pre-Civil War and post-Civil War Sterling Loans. But the Council of Foreign Bondholders has actually issued a separate pamphlet on the Mississippi default as if this were the most important topic of their report. If this still rankles after a hundred years, for how long will a default on reparations and war debts remain an open sore?

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